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THAT NIGHT.
You and I, and that night, with its perfume and glory!
The scent of the locusts, the light of the moon,
And the violin weaving the waltz's story,
Enmeshing their feet in the web of the tune,
Till their shadows uncertain
Reeled round on the curtain,
While under the trellis we drank in the June.
Soaked through with the midnight, the colors
were sleeping,
Their shadowy tresses outlined in the bright
Crystal moon-mist, where the fountain's
leap, leaping
Forever, forever burst, full with delight;
And its lips on my spirit
Fell faint as that near it
Whose love like a lily bloomed out in the night.
Oh, your glove was an odorless sachet of blisses!
The breath of your fan was a breeze of Carthage!
And the rose at your throat was a nest of spilt
kisses!
And the music—in fancy I hear it to-day,
As I sit here confessing
Our secret, and blessing,
My rival who found us and waited you away.

FAME VERSUS LOVE.
"It cannot be!"
As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat, an old overturned bowl, and moved slowly toward the water's edge.
For a moment her companion, a man of perhaps twenty-five, hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:
"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me, have you not said it? And yet you refuse to become my wife!"
"Edwin, I—"
"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding:
"Come, darling, why should not we be happy?" And he drew her hand within his arm.
For an instant she let it rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:
"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change after I had once decided upon anything?"
"No, but—" answered her companion quickly while she, unheeding, goes on with:
"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"
"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.
"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to obtain fame. Marriage brings to women so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."
"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.
"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my own will about painting, providing it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded to me."
"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me?"
For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:
"Oh, Edwin! If I only could reproduce that sunset just as it is! If I only could!"
With an impatient sigh he turned away.
"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."
She, not noticing, went on with—
"If it could only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but, no, it is fading now."
Turning, Helen found that her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.
"Edwin," she called.
In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.
"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems that he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he prizes my work, and last night he proposed!"
"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say that old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"
"How ridiculous! How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth, as she continued:
"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expenses. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him! Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What

could I not do then? It would be such a help to me. My little income would do, with care, I think."
"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.
"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.
"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything. You should paint to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.
"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin; but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to my art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trampled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"
"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so as to be near you, I said to myself, Now you ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her. For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young; and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."
"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit the more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.
"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night."
The words came somewhat slowly from between Edwin Bennett's teeth.
Mechanically, with the end of her parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on the glittering yellow sands, "Fame versus love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late, Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as pointing to the letters, he said hoarsely:
"Choose!"
For a second she hesitated, then slowly came the answer:
"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."
Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett, cried out passionately:
"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then without another word, he turned and left her.
A faint cry of "Edwin!" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. They then fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms, how different their lives would have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sand.

Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they had never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.
For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.
It was the last day of the exhibition, when a lady and gentleman, the gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps three years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.
"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd; I wanted to see it!" exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied:
"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."
An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.
For a few moments they stood in silence, before the painting; then a little voice said:
"Baby wants to see, too, papa."
Stooping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gazing regarding the picture for a second; the little one asked:
"Is it my dad, papa?"
"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of the little girl.
Then his gaze returned to the picture.
A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders and piles of shaggy pebbles, against which the over-hanging cliffs looked almost bleak. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-lined, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-bared sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.
In the centre of the picture, where

the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; that the glorious sunset was this day as naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords, or, maybe the man's apparent disregard of his surroundings.
To the right of the picture the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girl's figure belonged to an equally attractive face.
About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."
"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:
"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."
Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:
"Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."
"Ess, me's tired. Baby wants to kiss mamma," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.
Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.
"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife, as they passed the silent figure in black.
"Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"
"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by, "let her grow to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a seethe as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home.

Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known.
Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.
"Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed as lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.
Turning away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:
"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sown so much you reap."

YAVER AGA.
Yaver Aga, the eminent Albanian brigand chief, is just now a much-to-be-pitied man. He commenced business early in life, and has been actively engaged in the pursuit of his avocations, extending his connections steadily until all the banditti of the province came to be in his employ and under his supreme command. Having amassed a handsome fortune, his sole remaining ambition was to complete his twenty-fifth year of his public career in harness, so to speak, and then, after celebrating his jubilee festival, to retire into private life, carrying with him the respect and esteem of his surviving clients. Now but for this inconsiderately precipitate action of the Turkish authorities of Janina, the worthy Aga's wholesome ambition would doubtless have been realized a very few months hence. Unhappily for his hopes, a military expedition was sent out against him the other day, which succeeded after a severe engagement with Yaver's principal band, in capturing him as well as the managers and cashiers of his several branch establishments, who were in attendance upon him with their annual reports of profits and losses at the time when his retreat was surrounded and stormed by the Ottoman soldiery. As Yaver Aga has been forwarded to Stambul in chains, there to be dealt with according to the rigor of the law, it may be considered probable that he will celebrate his jubilee as a free and independent bandit next spring. Let those who will drop a tear over the frustrated aspirations of one whose predatory perseverance has been so ill rewarded by destiny.

Professor Guthrie has succeeded in procuring a blue-black protective coating on polished steel by dipping it in melted nitrate of potassium. The bloom greatly improves the appearance of the steel, and it appears to wear well.

Scorpions.
It is wonderful that one doesn't hear of more scorpion stings, considering how abundant these creatures are in nearly every tropical country. They are fairly handy, too, and will survive a much greater degree of cold than centipedes. One morning, when I had just returned from a voyage and was repacking and arranging some things in my bedroom at the hotel in Southampton, a lively, vigorous scorpion fell out of a shell upon my bare foot; luckily, it rolled off, and the carpet received the emphatic tap of its tail. I took it as a delicate attention to myself. A bath sponge seems to be their favorite haunt, and it always behooves one to carefully examine that article before getting into one's tub in regions where these little pests abound. I think that over a dozen were killed in my cabin during one fortnight—brought there, no doubt, in a box of Espirito Santo orchids from Panama. Cargoes of coffee, bales of medicinal woods, bunches of bananas, and other fruits and vegetables in bulk often introduce them on board vessels, and in old wooden ships especially they will remain and colonize the bulkheads and interspaces. I got a nip once, and only once. Walking the main deck of a steamer lying in Ride Janeiro, loading up with coffee, being barefooted and in the dark, I trod as I thought, on a piece of glass; but, drawing my foot up instinctively, I felt the tickling of a scorpion's feet on my heel. It seemed to have curled up after its tail. The local scorpions were about equal in interest to the bite of a common viper of the sting of a marabunta, but with less constitutional derangement; the ulcer was a long time in healing, however. There is a ghastly story told of a gentleman in India, who, pulling on his boots one morning, felt a horrid prickly object in one of them. With great presence of mind, instead of withdrawing it, he forced his foot violently down and stamped on it furiously, though enduring exquisite agony in the process. But it was not a scorpion, and possibly to handle them freely, when accustomed to them. See how some people can pull about with rats and bees and ferrets without injury, though taking no apparent precaution. Manipulation of snakes, too, only requires a little observance of their weak points and respect for their prejudices, which only glides into insensibility by habit.

Bill Arp's Baby Talk.
The poet hath said that "a baby in the house is a well spring of pleasure." There is a brau new one here now, the first in eight years, and it has raised a powerful commotion. It's not our baby, exactly, but it is in the line of descent, and Mrs. Arp takes on over it all the same as she used to when she was regularly in the business. I thought maybe she had forgot how to nurse 'em and talk to 'em, but she is singing the same old familiar songs the baby swayed her dreams of half a score, and she blesses the little eyes and sweet little mouth, and uses the same infantile language that nobody but babies understand. For she says "tun here to its daudmudder," and "bess its 'tittle heart," and talks about its sweet little footytooties and holds it up to the windows to see the wagon go by and the wheels going roundyroundy and now my liberty is curtailed for as I go stamping around with my heavy farm shoes she shakes her cautious finger at me just like she used to and says don't you see the baby is asleep, and so I have to tip-toe around, and over and anon she wants a fire, or some hot water, or some catnip, for the baby is a-crying and surely has got the colic. The doors have to be kept shut now for fear of a draft of air on the baby, and a little hole in the window-pane above as big as a dime had to be patched, and I have to hunt up a passel of kintings every night and put 'em where they will be handy, and they have sent me off to another room where the baby can't hear me snore, and all things considered, the baby is running the machine, and the well spring of pleasure is the center of space. A grandmother is a wonderful help and a great comfort at such a time as this, for what does a young mother with her first child know about colic and thrash, and lives, and hiccups, and it takes a good deal of faith to dose 'em with sut tea and catnip, and haw water, and panacody, and soothing syrup, and sometimes with all of these the child gets worse, and if it gets better I've always had a curiosity to know which remedy it was that did the work. Children born of healthy parents can stand a power of medicine and get over it, for after the cry comes the sleep, and sleep is a wonderful restorer. Rock 'em awhile in the cradle and then take 'em up and jolt 'em a little on the knee, and then turn 'em over and jolt 'em on the other side, and then give 'em some sugar in a rag, and then while they will go to sleep and let the poor mother rest. There is no patent on this business, no way of raising 'em all the same way, but it is trouble, trouble from the start, and nobody but a mother knows how much trouble it is. A man ought to be a mighty good man just for his there to be dealt with according to the rigor of the law, it may be considered probable that he will celebrate his jubilee as a free and independent bandit next spring. Let those who will drop a tear over the frustrated aspirations of one whose predatory perseverance has been so ill rewarded by destiny.

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Life in Ceylon.
Professor Ernest Haeckle, after describing his arrival in Ceylon and his capital, Colombo, goes on to give an account of his stay with Mr. Stupperger, in his beautiful villa of Whist Bungalow. He says:
"The charming villa of Colombo, where I stayed the first two weeks in Ceylon, lies at the northern end of the city, or rather of the suburb, Mutwal, in an angle formed by the sea and the mouth of the river Kelany-Ganga.
From Colombo through the Potlath (olive quarter) and neighborhood it takes fully an hour to reach Whist Bungalow. The solitary situation of the villa, in the midst of lovely scenery, far from the busy city and its public gardens, is one of the sources of the peculiar charm which the quiet country house at once exercised upon me. Whist Bungalow formerly was merely a small, simple house, hidden in a thicket of trees and ornamental shrubs. It was transformed into a stately country house by a later proprietor, Mr. Morgan, an advocate. Mr. Morgan was a man of pleasure and spent the greater part of his fortune in beautifying the villa—the title 'Whist Bungalow' of Ceylon—in a manner worthy of his charming situation. The large garden was planted with the most splendid trees and ornamental shrubs. A noble colonnade and arched veranda rose around the enlarged house, and the lofty saloons within were luxuriously furnished. For many years dinners and evening parties succeeded each other, much more brilliant—if not so noisy and merry—than the drinking bouts of the whist-playing officers. It seems, however, that Mr. Morgan's colonial expenditure, and his Lucullan mode of life, at last exceeded even his large income, for on his death his creditors seized on the villa, and were glad that its sale by auction restored to them at least a portion of their money. But now came a turning-point in the history of the beautiful villa, and its new proprietor had not much pleasure in his possession. For the legend ran that the ghost of Mr. Morgan, who had died suddenly, haunted the house every night. At 12 o'clock, whether moonlight or not, there was heard a terrible noise; white forms glided through the spacious chambers, winged spirits flitted through the colonnaded halls, and forms with glowing eyes wandered on the roof. Mr. Morgan, as chief spirit, was said to lead the ghastly troop. So Whist Bungalow had remained long uninhabited when my friend Stupperger came to it, and on seeing it determined to hire it. But at first not a servant could be persuaded to live in the ill famed house. That was only possible when the supposed ghosts had been proved to be of zoological origin. On the first night of taking possession Mr. Stupperger waited for the spirits, armed with gun and pistols, and, as was to be expected, they turned up nothing but a cat and a dog, and as the abundant heard of it, and on seeing it determined to hire it. But at first not a servant could be persuaded to live in the ill famed house. That was only possible when the supposed ghosts had been proved to be of zoological origin. On the first night of taking possession Mr. Stupperger waited for the spirits, armed with gun and pistols, and, as was to be expected, they turned up nothing but a cat and a dog, and as the abundant heard of it, and on seeing it determined to hire it. 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IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

There are guins for all our losses, There are guins for all our pain, But when youth, the dream of youth, It takes something from our hearts, And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better, Under manhood's sterner reign; Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth, with flying feet, And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished, And we sigh for it in vain; We behold it everywhere, On the earth, and in the air, But it never comes again.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Of course nobody was glad that Elsie Martin had been ill, but there was great joy at the Grange when she was ordered to go to the seaside as soon as she was strong enough for the journey, and Charlie was told that he was to accompany her.

Their papa and mamma were unable to leave home just then, so the children were to go to Mrs. Hawkins, a faithful old Irishwoman, who had nursed them both as babies, and who, having married comfortably, and been left a widow, resided in a pretty cottage close to the sea-shore at Highbach, and occasionally let a couple of rooms as a lodging.

These were taken for the two children, and as they were respectively ten and eight years of age, it was considered that they were old enough and wise enough to take care of themselves under the supervision of Nurse Norah, of whom they were very fond.

Charlie and Elsie loved their parents dearly, but there was something in the novelty and independence of the present proceeding that was quite delightful to them and made up for the temporary separation; and I do not suppose there were two happier small personages in the world than this boy and girl were when, after a pleasant journey, they found themselves sitting opposite to each other in their own little drawing-room, at their own tea-table, covered by a spotless white cloth, spread with bread, brown and white, excellent butter, newly-laid eggs, and a lovely dish of prawns.

"Some day, Nurse Norah," said Elsie, as the kind nurse placed the tea-pot on the table, and told them to begin, "some day you must let us have a lobster."

"Sure will all the pleasure in life, miss dear; an' it's the height of indigestion, it is, but want in a way shall not matter."

"And I'll tell you what, Elsie," said Charlie, with dignity, "I'll catch the lobsters for you."

The next morning Charlie and Elsie never left the shore—digging in the sands, playing on the rocks, taking off shoes and stockings to paddle in the pools, and at last bringing home such a collection of sea-reeds, shells, sea-anemones, and pebbles, that Nurse Norah laughed aloud when the two happy net-laden figures made their appearance for their early dinners.

Charlie had seen some boys on the sands, and insisted on getting a costume like theirs; his own knickerbockers, he admitted, would do well enough, but he must have a blue knitted Jersey and a long peaked cap, also knitted, and also blue.

They had a toy boat with them, and after dinner they went back to the shore and amused themselves by sailing it in one of the pools, and when tired of this, Elsie sat down on a stone on the sands, and found fresh recreation in examining a green old basket that stood there.

"And it is the queerest basket I ever saw, Charlie," she said.

"Do come and look."

"You could neither put anything in nor take anything out of it."

Charlie looked down, bent in hand. "It is not a basket at all," he said; "it is a rat-trap; only I never saw one made of wicker before, and it is uncommonly large; and why has it got a rope tied to it?"

"But look here, do you see these sticks at the top?"

"Through these a rat—"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed a voice behind him, and turning sharply round, he beheld a boy smaller than himself, but who looked quite as old.

"He was dressed just like him, for he was the very boy whose Jersey and cap he had admired so much in the morning that he had resolved to have similar garments himself."

"It's queer rats they catches in these traps master," said he; and he knelt down and peeped through the bars.

"What would your father say?" he asked, with a comical wink of his left eye.

"Oh," said Charlie airily, "he lets me boat often enough; and he is not at Highbach, so I can't ask him."

"Here," he added, taking a bright twenty-five cent piece out of his pocket, "I'll give you this if you will."

"Oh! and me too," cried Elsie, fumbling in her pocket, and producing money also. "I've got twenty-five cents as well as Charlie."

In fact, their mother had given them each the same amount of money when they left home.

The fisher-boy looked very knowingly at the two glittering pieces of silver, and put his tongue out in a cheek again, giving again a comical wink.

"Well, I don't mind if I do," he said slowly. Charlie stamped about the shore in

his pleasure, and Elsie clapped her hands and laughed.

"You be down on that rock," said the boy, pointing to the place—"that's the fisher's boat there, d'ye see?—at twelve sharp."

"Twelve!" cried Elsie, charmed and appalled at the proportions the adventure was assuming.

"Is it twelve at night? and have we far to go?"

"No, we haven't; just round that point there, and then a little bit more, and there you are."

"Those rats never go far out to sea."

"And he laughed and winked again. As the children ran home to tea, Elsie said, while dwelling on the delights of what was before them. "But I think he is rather a vulgar boy, don't you, Charlie?"

He whisks and grins.

Charlie turned amazed eyes on her.

"I think he is an uncommonly fine fellow."

But I am not sure that you ought to go, Elsie.

"I think it's not girl's work," he said presently.

"Oh, yes, Charlie! oh, please!" she cried in a great hurry; "oh, do let me!"

"There'll be you to take care of me!"

"Yes, I shall take care of you," replied he, with protecting grandeur, as he yielded.

The two children could hardly hide from Nurse Norah the state of excitement and expectation they were in.

They got away from her as quickly as they could, and would not stay a minute in the house till bed-time came.

Then they found her with her face tied up, a toothache from which she had been suffering all day having come on very badly.

"An' do you think, darlin', you could undress yourself this evening?" she asked, "an' I'd go to my bed."

Elsie assured her she could undress herself, and had often done so at home when nurse was busy with the baby.

Now, though Elsie would not have practiced any deception on Nurse Norah, she thought it was very fortunate that she did not undress her that night, because the best plan was that she should not take off her clothes at all so as to be all ready at twelve o'clock.

As they ran home she had wondered whether Nurse Norah would let her go, but Charlie had replied, "Bother Nurse Norah!"

"Say nothing about it, or you'll spoil the sport."

And Elsie had blindly obeyed him.

He slipped into her room now, and highly approving of her plan of lying down her clothes, bade her go to sleep, and he would awake her in plenty of time.

Charlie set his little alarm clock that he had brought with him, and which had awoken him on many a dark winter morning in time to learn his tasks before breakfast, to a quarter of twelve.

He was far enough away from Nurse Norah for him not to be afraid of its waking her; and then he too lay down in his clothes.

"Get up, little lazy thing!" were the words that woke Elsie when she did not think she had slept for five minutes.

She sprang to her feet, for she knew the voice; and the boy and girl, hand in hand, groped their way in the dark out of the room, downstairs, and to the house door. There was no moon, but the stars shone, and the soft calm light was lovely. Something in it made Elsie stop suddenly, and say—

"Oh, Charlie! is it naughty?"

"Go back if you are afraid," he answered her gravely; for he too, reproved by the pure beauty of the night, had felt his first qualms of conscience.

But Elsie dreamt not of going back if he went on, and, hand in hand, they ran as fast as they could.

At an early hour, Mrs. Conhain, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was aroused from sleep by a burglar's stealthy step. She could hear the burglar moving along on his hands and knees from the dining room to the bed room; and at each step something struck the floor which she believed to be either a billy or revolver. But in the meantime the burglar had taken all her husband's clothing which had been left on a chair, including a gold watch and chain and \$60 in cash, and was stealthily making his way back toward the dining room door, which opens into a yard. Mrs. Conhain concluded that the time for action had arrived. She left her bed, walked to a bureau in one corner of the room wherein a loaded revolver was kept, and in doing so must have passed within a few feet of the crouching burglar. After gaining possession of the revolver, she entered the dining room just as the burglar had passed out to the porch, where he was found standing on the step with most of the stolen clothing under one arm and the vest held in his right hand. This brought them within about three feet of each other. The brave lady covered the thief with the weapon and exclaimed:—

"Drop the clothes or I will fire!"

The response came in the shape of a blow over the head and face with the vest held in the burglar's hand, he evidently intending to either blind her or knock her down with the weight of the heavy gold watch in the pocket. Luckily, however, the watch flew out of the pocket and, as Mrs. Conhain threw her hand up to ward off the blow, the chain struck between her fingers, close to the watch. Instantly she closed her hand over the timepiece, gave a jerk backward, which broke the chain, whereupon the burglar, with a fierce oath, threw the vest at her face, unconscious of the fact that the sum of \$60 in currency had been left undisturbed in one of the pockets.

The burglar then started toward Eleventh street, Mrs. Conhain firing two shots at him without effect, probably, and following him as closely as possible. When he reached the sidewalk on the latter street he stopped an instant, threw up both hands and dropped all the clothing on the sidewalk. Mrs. Conhain picked them up and carrying every garment back to the house.

A few days ago a drummer for one of our wholesale houses was traveling in a buggy along a country road in Arkansas, when he came upon a tall, roughly-dressed man sitting upon a rail fence whittling. With a sociable "good morning" the traveler drew up his horse and asked: "Is that your field of corn over there?"

"Wal, I calculate I'll freeze onto a right smart sheaf of it. I'm working the piece on sheers."

"Looks like a fine crop."

"It does."

"I suppose you are figuring on great prosperity in future, such immense crops indicating plenty for all."

"Prosperity? Stranger, that ain't no name for the cyclone that's a'go'in' to hit this settlement atween the eyes this season. A tornado must come just now an' land every durned bit o' grain in the country over into Tennessee, and yit the smiles o' contentment'd never shift off'n our faces!"

"Some unexpected good luck has befallen you," the tourist replied.

"That's the play to a T-ty. We're gettin' our slice o' the millennium away ahead o' the advertised date. Fust, ol' Zack Bolton up an' died last month, an' that 'nash'n been a ear o' corn or a side o' bacon missed in the community since we tumbled the dirt on top o' him. Then Wash Tompkins, the boss o' sledge hammer, got sent to State prison for horse stealin', thus givin' us poor players a show for our pile; but then Sanky, the saloonkeeper up at the forks o' the road, dropped down to ten cents a drink for whisky, and said he'd take corn same as cash; then my old woman ran off with a Yankee sewing machine, pokin' an' piercin' my dear old soul right in the tender spot; and then Zion Church, an' if bloom-in' prosperity ain't a laughin' over the neighborhood I'm a gut-ed rat from the Red River swamps. Got any sweet tobacco about you?"

An Altimore, 1600.

A double-headed man stands before a banquet table, the covers off the meats, to represent January; it was the season for the table and good cheer. A man on a stool represents February; he has taken off one shoe, and holds the unshod foot of both his hands close to a blazing fire. It is "very wet" under foot, and shelter is acceptable. A girl represents March; she is in a garden that has palms all around it, with here and there a timber alcove, and she is basking. It is time to prepare the ground. In April, a man plunges, his plough drawn by two horses. In May, a girl, seated, takes a bath in a tub in a garden, holding a small tree bough in her hand. In June, a man chops wood, his axe swung far and high behind him, with forests, fountains, and flowers in the background. It is time to thin the strong muscle. In July, a man has his scythe out cutting grass, flowers shooting up among it freely. In August, a girl uses a sickle. In September, a man is gathering grapes, a wine press near. In October, a man is on a ladder gathering apples from the tree, a full sack of apples on the ground, and a basket for the immediate gathering hanging on a branch. In November, a man is chopping again, great lying tree-trunks this time, the living trees of background quite bare. It is time to think of shelter, timber being universal for it, (mainly.) In December, a man is ready to leave his hatchet down upon an animal's throat, had holding the poor brute's head back to receive the blow.

A Plucky Woman.

The schooner Transit is one of a number of vessels owned by Jex & Co., engaged in the Central and South American trade. She runs between various points on the Mosquito coast of Nicaragua, transporting general merchandise, which is taken from this country to Coru island by the steamer Mollard. The Transit is commanded by Captain John Thompson, an American of experience, and has a crew consisting of two men and a boy. One day the schooner lay at anchor in the Bay of Gracias a Dios, the extreme northeastern point of Nicaragua. The schooner lay three miles out from the town, but within the bar across the mouth of the harbor.

In the dead of night, and when the captain was asleep in the cabin, and only one man was on watch, the schooner was silently approached by six pirates, who had stealthily approached the ship in two canoes, sheltered by the darkness of the night. They were armed to the teeth, and having taken the Transit by surprise, were able to seize Captain Thompson and his three men after a brief but desperate struggle. The captain and crew were gagged and bound hand and foot, and the pirates took full possession of their prize and ransacked the ship from stem to stern. The ship's company were thrown into the hold, and the pirates then hoisted sail and ordered to make the open sea, knowing that the captain could not hope to retain their capture if they did not quickly get out of port before their daring deed was discovered. But the captain of the pirate crew did not know the harbor and was unable to get the ship over the bar. After manœuvring in vain for some little time he threatened Captain Thompson with death unless he consented to do as he was ordered.

The captain consented to do as he was ordered, and the pirates then released him and the ropes which bound him hand and foot, and as he peremptorily refused to comply on any other terms the pirate chief was constrained to accept the condition.

Captain Thompson was given the use of his limbs to navigate the Transit over the bar and out to sea. By this time the pirates thought themselves safe and were indifferent enough to indulge liberally in the amusement of which the ship's locker contained a plentiful supply. The first sail was putken of to excess by all hands, and soon the pirates were in a condition of almost helpless drunkenness.

Captain Thompson was not the man to let this golden opportunity slip. Watching his chance he ran below, cut the ropes which bound the captive crew, and with their help quickly attacked the pirate band, subdued them and secured the whole ship in hours. The course of the ship was then altered and she was then headed for Blue Fields, 380 miles below Gracias a Dios, the nearest point at which there was a United States consul. Arrived here the six pirates were taken ashore and surrendered to the authorities, and Captain Thompson returned to the port whence he had been compelled to sail so prematurely and under such sensational circumstances. The pirates were Spaniards and of the most desperate character.

Nevada Fossils.

Now that so much is being said about the tracks of antediluvian elephants and prehistoric man at the state prison quarry, near Carson, Nevada, it may be that some of the scientists of the Pacific coast will think it worth while to take a look at the tracks beyond Dayton, near the mouth of El Dorado canon. These tracks are in fact, as is denoted by the name, petrified animal tracks, but have frequently been mistaken spoken of by Professor W. F. Stewart, (now dead), who thought them very remarkable and of much scientific importance. The tracks are described as much the same as those found at the state prison quarry. Though Professor Stewart said nothing of the tracks of human beings, he had a good deal to say of tracks of mammoths, horses, and other animals. These tracks of elephants or of the mammoth, "This would seem to indicate that the ground was once the bottom of a lake. Indeed, all the low ground in this part of Nevada shows signs of having been covered by water in ancient times, and also some plants of considerable altitude. In 1860 a petrified log of pine, some 20 feet in length and 18 inches in diameter, was found on the side of a hill to the southwest of American Lake. Since that time the petrified log has been found at various places, and it was also at that time much petrified cedar, fir, pine and other kinds of wood. The prospectors were in the habit of "sledging" these logs up in order to get at the knots, pieces of pitch and other parts that would make handsome specimens for cabinets. These logs were no doubt the trunks of trees that had floated about on the ancient lakes until they became water-logged and sank to the bottom. The random nature of their position, scattered about as they seemed to show this. In the year 1861 a big flood washed out a great number of petrified stumps of trees along a ravine running from near the Daney mine, a Spring valley, down in the Carson river. These appeared to be the stumps of cottonwoods, alders and such trees as grow along streams. In this region, however, nothing more interesting is likely to be found than the petrified logs, which are scattered about as they seemed to show this. In the year 1861 a big flood washed out a great number of petrified stumps of trees along a ravine running from near the Daney mine, a Spring valley, down in the Carson river. These appeared to be the stumps of cottonwoods, alders and such trees as grow along streams. In this region, however, nothing more interesting is likely to be found than the petrified logs, which are scattered about as they seemed to show this.

Some four miles east of the sink of the Carson an upheaval of granite has raised this sedimentary formation up to show it to be about 800 feet in thickness. In many places large canyons have cut through this formation, leaving nearly perpendicular walls. In passing along the canyons, without making any special examinations, we have found, sticking in the walls, bones of small animals and birds, bits of wood, twigs, and the like, all black as though carbonized. On the bank of a deep canon, northeast of what is known as the Lower Sink of the Carson, there is a place where to be seen a great quantity of petrified wood of all kinds. A stratum of this wood, some five feet thick, and exposed along the canon for a distance of over 100 yards, appears to have been a great drift. All is so thoroughly petrified and so natural in appearance that at a distance it seems to be a lot of cordwood stacked up on the bank of the canon. Mingled with the petrified wood many perhaps have found the bones and skeletons of animals, birds and reptiles. The bed of petrified wood is covered to a depth of from three to five feet with earth and gravel.

A Day in Mexico.

In the morning every one is astir before the rising sun. Hot chocolate or hot coffee, with a light porous cake, is ready in the kitchen, and the servant comes to your room to know if you will have chocolate or coffee before getting up, or notices you that it is waiting in the dining room at your convenience. On passing from your room out into the corridor (all Mexican houses are built one story, in the shape of a square, with an interior corridor on three sides facing a court) you need not feel embarrassed if no one is about; your host has probably had his coffee or chocolate and gone to his business. The ladies will be seen in an hour or two walking in the garden. You will order your coffee, if it has not previously been taken in your room, and then amuse yourself as best you can, by a walk, or a ride, if you see fit, ordering whatever you may desire from any servant you may be visible. At about 10 o'clock, your host will make his appearance, and if you are around, he will greet you with, "Buenos Dias, Signor, Como hasse V. a Noche?" This is the morning salute among both rich and poor, the translation of which is: "Good morning, sir; how did you pass the night?" The ceremonial meal in all Spanish-American countries is breakfast, and is usually taken between 10 and 11 a. m. Everything is served in courses. First, soup, often followed, then meat after that eggs, and, last, "fríoles," the national dish. This has a dark red bean, is cooked with hard, seasoned highly with red pepper, and is served in a soup plate and eaten with a spoon. It is very palatable and foreigners generally become as fond of it as the natives. Wine is always on the table, and breakfast is never complete until cigarettes are handed, and every one is expected to smoke. During the smoking business is discussed or the day's amusements are noted and the programme settled. This is the principal meal and a little recreation in the way of music or receiving and entertaining visitors (the latter never remain later than noon), the family and guests go to their respective rooms and the daily "siesta," or mid-day sleep, is indulged in. Between 2 and 4 p. m. the house is again astir. Coffee or chocolate is unconsciously served, each guest to the dining room assumes their convenience. The head of the house goes to business until 8 p. m., and the ladies make their toilet for evening visitors. Both fashionable and social calls are made mostly between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m. Between 10 and 11 p. m., a light supper is served, consisting principally of hot "tamales," which is corn meal mush mixed with a force-meat of chicken or beef, highly seasoned with red pepper, onions, all nicely rolled in a clean corn shuck, tied and put in a pot and boiled and served in the shuck husk. After this come cake and wine; then cigarettes, and after that beer. This is the daily routine in the house of a well-to-do citizen of Mexico.

Oysters.

That the American is the best for cooking oysters the Swallow Rock is king. Many hundreds of barrels of these oysters are sent to England yearly, largely to noblemen and gentlemen who have visited this country. In Prince Albert's

SATURDAY, Dec. 9, 1882.

Our Montgomery letter reached us too late for this issue. Sorry—but can't help it.

The Legislature will take a recess the 12th until after the holidays.

A bill is pending before the Alabama Legislature for the repeal of the crop lien law. The bill has been favorably reported upon in the House by the Agricultural committee to which it was referred. The Advertiser says: "It is worthy of record that the advocates for the repeal of the law in the House are worthy farmers."

The Grand Lodge of Masons of Alabama met in Montgomery on the 3rd inst., R. W. Cobb Grand Master presiding. Work was exemplified in one degree. Many distinguished Masons from various parts of the State present.

The State Supreme Court convened its December term Tuesday morning, 5th. The Advertiser says it is understood that no cases will be disposed of this week.

Death of Gen. Daniel Tyler.

We are pained to chronicle the death of General Daniel Tyler, which occurred in New York city on the 30th ult. His remains reached Annapolis Monday by special train, and were there interred on the following day in the presence of fifteen hundred or two thousand persons. General Tyler was an honored member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of America, and during a long public career occupied places of high preeminence in various avocations. He was educated at West Point in the early part of this century and attained considerable rank as a soldier. Not only did he perform duties requiring personal courage and resolution, but executed commissions demanding a splendid type of intellect. Retiring from the army he looked southward for a field of operations and his progressive mind, enterprising spirit and philanthropic views have left a lasting impression upon the material interests of this section, as well as upon the lives of many to whom he was a real benefactor. The loss of such a man is not only keenly felt by a large circle of friends throughout the North and South, who knew and admired his beautifully developed personal characteristics, but all who hold in proper esteem the traits that strongly mark a noble manhood, and the virtues that adorn a well-spent life, must deplore the death of this "one of a few."

He was buried on the southern, sunnyside of the summit of a hill, the vault being situated between two huge boulders that sit as nature's sentinels on either side the grave, fit resting-place for one whose life was crowded with deeds of kindness and whose career was clothed with distinction and crowned with success.

Rufus W. Cobb.

From the Eufaula Times.
After four years' occupation of the Governor's office, Mr. Cobb retired to private life. He says that his retirement is permanent; but public men are not always allowed to follow their inclinations.

Mr. Cobb has been a good Governor for Alabama. And he retired with the confidence and esteem of a large majority of his people. In our opinion he has acted well his part. As we have seen him through the four years of his administration, he has ever had the best interest of the State at heart. True, no occasion has arisen for the display of mastery statesmanship, nor for the exhibition of so-called brilliancy; but Mr. Cobb has performed his duties with a sturdiness of character and a devotion to principle that counts for something higher and better and more useful than the dazzling qualities that go to make up many of our self-appointed leaders.

Being a man of the people, springing from the bone and sinew of our social life, Mr. Cobb has never sought to appear as an individual other than plain, practical, thorough-going manhood. The soul of good nature and the prince of sociability, he has been as five and cordial in his manners as a man could be. To retain a word, he has always been comely. And being this way, he has been in contact with a kind of social magnetism about the man that is hard to resist, something that a generous man never ceases to resist. And there is a man in the State who has more personal friends than Mr. Cobb.

There is any stain on Mr. Cobb's escutcheon we fail to see it. If any man can truthfully say ought against his integrity we have yet to learn of it. An individual. If there is one black line in the record of his official career, it is too small for our vision. If there is one dissipated citizen who turns him in with sufficient cause that citizen has shown himself. Therefore, the kindest wishes of a well served people follow Rufus W. Cobb into political retirement.

An International Controversy Fore-shadowed.

Dallas, Dec. 1.—A prominent railroad man connected with the Texas system direct from the city of Mexico here, conversing to-day, says the Mexican authorities are going to make a claim at the approaching sessions of congress on the United States for Galveston island, which includes Galveston city. It seems in the Mexican session of the republic of Texas, Galveston bay was taken as the southern boundary of the ceded territory and the Mexican claim is said to be prima facie good. It may lead to considerable international complication.

The most reliable statistics and careful estimates show the corn crop of 1882 to be about 2,294,000,000 bushels. As not more than a tenth of this will be "wasted for bread," the distilleries will not fail for a full supply. The average yield is thirty-four bushels to the acre.

The apple crop of Arkansas is immense and prices range as low as thirty cents a bushel. Benton county alone has produced 2,000,000 bushels this year.

Wanted—A Radical Corrective.

Boston Post.

But our domestic relations are of more commanding interest just at this time. We are glad to know that we are enveloped by a reasonably healthy atmosphere, but the pulse and heart throbs of the Republic have been far from regular. Can the President propose, not a sedative, but a radical corrective, for the evils of which the people loudly complain, and of which the symptoms are everywhere abundant, or will he leave that part of his work for tariff commission and civil reform a solution to consider, without any aid from him? The message is interesting for what it promises, but more interesting for what it still unveils.

Clothing of Glass

Agent's Herald.

A glass-making firm in Pittsburgh, Pa. have been manufacturing glass textile fabrics during the past twelve or eighteen months. A roll of glass several feet long and half an inch in diameter, and heated to the proper degree, is attached at one end to a large, rapidly-revolving wooden drum, and thereby drawn out to a fine thread. This process is repeated till enough glass has been spun, when it is wound on bobbins and woven like cotton, flax or silk. The fabrics thus produced are very beautiful and pliable. The glass they are made of is made very soft by the addition of lead.

Gen. Nicolas De Pierola, ex-President of Peru, who is in New York, is described as a dapper little man, about five feet five inches in height, with a clear complexion, laughing brown eyes, dark wavy hair, moustache with long curled ends and an imperial. His foot is as small and as neatly booted as a woman's and he has the grace of manner of a Frenchman. A high, broad forehead alone distinguishes him from the commonplace, and a few streaks of gray in his hair are the only indications that he is forty-three years of age.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

Herald, Watkins N. Y.

The Seneca Falls Revue contains an account of the conduct and its results, of a Danish woman confined in Willard Asylum, that proves the truth of the old saying that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." This woman labors under the hallucination, among others, than the inmates of the Asylum are her servants, and that the Asylum building is her castle. Several months ago she wrote to her brother in Denmark a humble shoemaker, to visit her with his family, at the same time telling of her good fortune. He at once sold his property and embarked with his family for America to share the wealth of his sister. They reached Geneva last week and set out at once for Willard by private conveyance. The disappointment of the poor fellow can be better imagined than described when he arrived at Willard to find his sister a pauper inmate of a lunatic asylum instead of the possessor of a castle around which flocked hundreds of servants. Kind hearted Dr. Chapin gave the husband and father employment, he having spent his little fortune in seeking his sister.

A singular circumstance connected with the story is that a Dane, who acted as interpreter between the Asylum authorities and the deceived shoemaker, and who was an inmate of the Asylum, were engaged in a war in Denmark some eighteen years ago, but were in hostile armies. This strange story so full of sorrow disappointment, if contained in the writings of Jules Verne would be declared as one of the creations of imagination, that could never occur in real life. It also shows the necessity for the asylum authorities to examine the correspondence of the inmates. We do not think it conclusive evidence, however, that inmates of asylums should not be allowed free intercourse with their friends outside. All trouble in this and similar cases could be avoided by having the party who examines the letters to endorse thereon the opinion of physician in charge as to the mental condition of the writers. Only last week John J. Dixon confined as a lunatic in Ward's Island Asylum was released by an order of court, he having been declared perfectly sane. Mr. Dixon asserts that there are many others as sane as himself confined in the asylum; but are unable to secure their release on account of lack of money and friends.

The new stamped envelope shortly to be issued by the Postoffice Department at three cents is a clever combination of a letter sheet and an envelope. A St. Louis gentleman is the inventor and the royalty therefrom will bring him a snug little fortune.

Moscow Lamar Co Ala Nov 3d 1882 Please put this item in the Journal Mr. Elia, Chaffin of this county & State says he has made a close Astronomical investigation of the comet in the East and finds that there is a hole through the stars & the blase is caused by the rays of the Sun shining through, like shining an Anger, hole, Subscriber.

Now that Thurlow Weed is dead the senior printer in New York is said to be Chauncey Morse, of Canandaigua, who was an apprentice in 1811.

Alive in her shroud

Fort Wayne Gazette.

On Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs. W. L. Pettit, wife of the teller of the First National Bank of Fort Wayne, apparently died and the undertaker took charge of the body. Arrangements were making for the funeral and watchers sitting with the supposed corpse. At ten o'clock at night a faint sigh was heard coming from the body. The watchers started to their feet with alarm, stepped to her side, found her eyes were wide open; while in a voice that was scarcely an audible whisper she recognized them and asked for her husband.

For a moment the attendants were in speechless wonder at this resurrection of the dead; then, with the revulsion of feeling, they almost screamed with excitement. The husband came in haste, and with joy unspeakable clasped again his living wife in his arms. The Dr. was sent for and he was as much astonished as the rest of the household, at beholding living what in his exact medical science he had declared dead. He administered the proper restoratives and the patient rapidly recovered and was declared at a late hour to be in a more hopeful condition than ever.

One of Weed's Prophecies.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of Thurlow Weed's last prophecies, uttered last June, was "Removals of Republicans from office in New York, Pennsylvania and other States have been made wholly so far as known, for no other reason than they were opposed to General Grant's nomination. These things can have but one solution, and are certain to result, first, in the overthrow of the Republican party in this State (New York), and finally, in spite of all the blunders of that party, the election of a Democratic President."

The Sentence of Arabi Pasha.

The court martial which had been summoned to meet to-day assembled this morning. Arabi Pasha pleaded guilty to the charge of rebellion. The proceedings were very brief, court sitting a few minutes. In the afternoon court re-assembled and pronounced sentence of death against Arabi. The Khedive subsequently commuted sentence to exile for life. It is believed that Arabi will retire to some part of the British dominions. His demeanor before court was very dignified.

Beyond the Power of Soap or Figures.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

An editor down in Pennsylvania says there will be a democratic President in 1884, and "neither soap nor 7 to 8 can prevent it." It would not surprise us if this man had a level head.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of an order and decree of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Ala., made on the 30th day of Nov. 1882, the undersigned as Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Carlton Woolf, deceased, will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder on Saturday the 30th day of December 1882 the Real Estate belonging to said estate, to wit: The W 1/2 of S E 1/4 and S E 1/4 of section 3, and N E 1/4 of W 1/2 of section 10, in Calhoun county, Alabama, East of the town of Cross Plains, and on or near the Cross Plains and Calhoun public road. Terms of sale, one third cash and balance on a credit of one and two years, in equal payments, with interest from day of sale. Note and good security will be required. I will also at the same time and place sell said order of court, sell the personal property belonging to said estate, to wit: corn, cotton, Carpenter's tools, one horse, one rifle gun, one wagon, one barrel, one case, one chest, one sideboard, one cupboard, one table and some other small articles at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash.

J. C. WOOLF,
Admin. with the Will annexed,
doct-3t
C. Woolf, doct

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Nov. 18th, 1882.

This day came R. J. & E. W. Teague Executors of the estate of Elijah Teague deceased, and filed in court their account and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered by the court that the 1st day of Jan. 1883, he and is hereby appointed the day upon which to audit and pass upon said account and to make said settlement, and that notice thereof be given by the undersigned to the heirs and next of kin of said deceased, by the publication of this order in a newspaper printed and published in said county, as a notice to all persons concerned, to be and appear before me at my office in the court house of said county, on said day of Jan. 1883, and to contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. WOODS,
Judge of Probate.

H. L. STEVENSON. L. W. GRANT

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Real Estate Agents

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Real estate bought and sold.

Books open at law office of Mr. Stevenson

Just opening out an immense stock of

Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets,

China and Glass Vases, Motto Cops, Souvenirs

and Mugs, Fancy Glass Inkstands, Stationery

and Penholders, and a large assortment of

Bibles, Prayer Books, Poetical and standard

works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture

Frames, Tin, China and Rubber Toys in

great variety, Wax Dolls, Games, Silver

plated Ware, suitable for wedding and holiday

gifts, presents, Gold Pens, Port Monies, and

a thousand novelties.

Pianos & Organs, of the best make, at

wholesale prices. Orders by mail solicited.

Prices cheerfully given.

NOTICE.

Under and by virtue of an order of

the Probate Court, I will proceed to

sell at public outcry, on Saturday the

2nd day of December, the lands belong-

ing to the estate of Daniel Crew, de-

ceased, and known as the old Iron

Work's place.

S. D. G. BROTHERS,

nov25-1t. Administrators.

Wood Wanted

At this Office!

nov25-1t. Register.

A LAWYER'S TESTIMONY.—During eight years my attacks of dyspepsia were so terrible that I often had to stop business. Parker's Ginger Tonic built me up from almost a skeleton to the perfect health I now enjoy. J. Jerolomon, Lawyer, N. Y. City.

Report of the Tariff Commission.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The report of the Tariff Commission has sought to present a scheme of tariff duties in which substantial reduction should be the distinguishing feature. The average reduction in rates, including that from the enlargement of the free list, and the abolition of duties on charges and commissions, at which the Commission has aimed is not less on an average than twenty per cent, and it is the opinion of the Commission that the reduction will reach twenty-five per cent. The reduction is in many cases from forty to fifty per cent.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. For sale by H. M. Montgomery & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

WILL YOU SUFFER WITH DYSPEPSIA and Liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by H. M. Montgomery & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by H. M. Montgomery & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by Montgomery & Co. Druggists Jacksonville, Ala.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by Montgomery & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, loss of appetite, indigestion and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure. For sale by Montgomery & Co. Druggists Jacksonville, Ala.

ON MONDAY NIGHT,

Dec. 25, Christmas,

We will give the people of Calhoun county the grandest Fire Works, Balloon ascension and Fantastic display that this country has EVER SEEN. We invite everybody in the county, old & young, rich and poor, white and black, to see this grand show free of charge. Bonfires big enough to warm 5000 people. A merry Christmas to all.

CHRISTMAS

AND—

New Year's Holiday Goods

—AT THE—

BOOK STORE

—OF—

H. A. SMITH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BOOKSELLER

—AND—

MUSIC DEALER,

Rome, Ga.

Has on hand a large variety of Fancy Notions and Holiday Goods purchased for cash at bottom prices and will be sold at unusually low figures. Miscellaneous books, standard and pocket volumes, Gift and Juvenile books, Family and Pocket Bibles, Prayer and Hymn books, Photograph and a large assortment of Writing Desks, Paper-cries, Scrap books, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic views, Work Boxes, Japanese goods, China and Glass Vases, Toilet sets, China Cops and Souvenirs with mottoes, Wax and China Dolls, Glass Balls and Christ as Tree ornaments in great variety, Harmoniums, Tin Toys, Games, A B C Books, Gift and Gold Paper, Gift and Silver Porcelain Board, Backgammon, Boards, "Silver Plated Ware," Jeweled-ones, Goblets, Mugs, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Napkin Rings, Butter Dishes, Spoon Holders, Syrup Dispensers, Pickle Stands, etc., Christmas, Old Postings, Photograph Frames, Christmas and New Year cards in great variety, Pianos, Organs and Sheet Music at reduced prices. The patronage of the public solicited. No trouble to show goods.

Respectfully,
H. A. SMITH.

NOTICE NO. 1965.

Land Office

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

November 21, 1882

Notice is hereby given that the following

named settler has filed notice of his intention

to make final proof in support of his

claim, and that he will be made before Hon. A. Woods, Judge of Probate

at Jacksonville, Alabama, on Jan. 6th, 1883,

viz: Guilford G. Windham, Homesteads 7461 and 12056 for the W 1/2 of N W 1/4

and E 1/2 of N W 1/4, section 2, township 16,

range 8, East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Marcus D. L. Monk, of Annapolis, Alabama; Norvell H. Bonds, of Annapolis, Alabama; James O. McCallister, of Annapolis, Alabama; Elijah Y. Hurst, of Annapolis, Alabama.

THOMAS J. SCOTT, Register.

nov25-5t

NOTICE NO. 1973.

Land Office.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.,

Nov. 22nd 1882.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-

ing named settler has filed notice of his

intention to make final proof in support of

his claim, and that said proof will be made

before Hon. A. Woods, Judge of Probate

Court, at Jacksonville, Ala., on Dec. 30, 1882,

viz: Robert Johnson, Hd. 9, 08, for the E 1/2 of N W 1/4, section 20,

township 13, range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Thomas

Rich of Mack, Ala.; William Green, Frank

Erwin and Adolphus Williams of Jacksonville,

Ala.

THOMAS J. SCOTT,

nov25-5t Register.

CHEP FOR CASH!

HAMMOND'S SONS.

Have just received a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods for Fall and Winter trade, such as

Worsted, Cashmeres, Alpaca, Lawns, Nainsooks, Flannels, (plain and figured) Bleaching, Domestic, Cotton Goods, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Ladies Underwear.

Shoes for Men, Women and Children.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Cheaper and better than was ever offered. Gents Furnishing Goods, and a nice line of GROCERIES both fancy and heavy, which they defy competition on, and asking everybody to call and examine their goods and prices.

J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

CORRESPOND WITH

COOPER McCLELEN & CO.,

Alexandria, Ala.,

GENERAL AGENTS AND DEALERS IN

Agricultural Implements

AND MACHINERY.

aug26-1f.

COTTON SEED

WANTED.

We will pay HIGHEST CASH PRICE at all times for seed, or will give in exchange for one 2000 lbs. seed, 1000 lbs cotton seed meal.

According to estimate of J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture, the commercial value of this meal is \$48.02 cents per ton.

ROME OIL MILLS & FERTILIZER CO.,

Rome, Ga.

aug26-4m.

Orchard Grass!

NOW IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE.

1,000 Bushels Orchard Grass,
500 Bushels Blue Grass,
200 Bushels Timothy.

500 Bushels Herds or Red Top,
200 Bushels Kentucky Clover,
500 Bushels Dallas Rust Proof Wheat,
2,000 Bushels Red Rust Proof Oats,
1,000 Bushels Henderson's Winter Oats.

Dealers BARLEY, RYE, WHEAT and many other reasonable seeds.

New is the T me to Plant.

Our Stock of improved FARM IMPLEMENTS, MACHINERY, FERTILIZERS, CHURNS, &c., is unequaled in the Cotton States. Order early.

MARK W. JOHNSON & CO.,

27 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.

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Bands of gypsies wander about in large numbers in some parts of Germany, and occasionally, emboldened by their numerical strength, and rendered reckless by their necessities, they do not hesitate to make serious inroads upon the farms that they come across. Lately a band counting over two hundred encamped near a small village in the Hessian territory, and turned their horses loose to graze at will over the meadows and farming lands of the neighborhood. The dissipated farmers and peasants thereupon attacked themselves with pitchforks and other weapons, and attacked the intruders. A pitched battle followed, and it was not without a severe struggle that the native population remained masters of the field. The interference of the Government will probably be required to put an end to the growing evil.

According to the *Chemiker Zeitung* there were in Italy a short time ago less than 250 powder mills, but there are not 100 now running. It is only a few of the larger establishments that manage to make the ends meet with any degree of comfort, notwithstanding an import duty of \$30 upon every 100 pounds of gunpowder. The Italian military officers take advantage of the "protection" the Government affords them to place a very dear and a very bad article on the market. About the end of 1870 there were four dynamo factories in the kingdom; now only the one at Aigliano is in operation.

THERE IS NO SHERY WAY to destroy the borers than to dig for them with a pointed knife and kill them when found. If the are high up they may be crushed with wire pushed up into the holes. Coal ash spread around the trees are beneficial. This would parasi may be covered with a mixture of fresh cow dung and clay.

THERE IS NO GAIN in plowing up sod land in the fall. The most approved practice in the culture of Indian corn, which requires a greater degree of heat than other crops, is to plow in the spring, turning the sod under of sufficient depth to allow just enough soil for properly covering the seed.

WHEN ONE WISHES to keep a large number of fowls, and to raise early chicks, a two-story fowls house will be just the thing.

ANECDOTE of M. de Lesseps: One of his little ones had a boil at the finger end; arrived at maturity, papa used to take it to pierce it. "How you tremble," said M. de Lesseps, afraid of the inevitable surgeon's experiment. "Tremble, I tremble at perceiving a fester—what have pierced an Isthmus?"

* Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians have been completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

HARROWING—Tourist—"I say, my man, do you know the way to Harry Rustic (contemptuously)—"The way, arrer! D'you think I spent ninety-four years on this 'ere farm, and dunno how to 'arrer?"

287

Those answering an Advertisement or
confer a favor upon the Advertiser and its
Publisher by stating that they saw the ad-
vertisement in this issue (knowing the name)

Among the most remarkable natural echoes is that of Baglie's nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments; and that on the banks of Naba, between Bingen and Coblenz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable 'artificial' echo known is that in the castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

and Psychologist, who
color of eyes and lock of hair, and a Collins, the
think of your future husband or wife, with name, the
and place of meeting, and date of marriage, perforce
usually predicted. Many returned to it and were
Address Prof. F. Barnard, 10 Mont'g St., Boston, Mass.

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Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2383.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. CRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance, \$2.00

Six months in advance, \$1.00

Three months in advance, \$0.50

Terms of Advertising:

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NEVER DILLY DALLY.

Whatever you have to carry, friend,
Don't loiter by the road.
Nor sit and wait for some one else
To lighten up your load.
If you intend to climb life's hill,
Don't idle in the valley.
But warning take in time, my friend,
And do not dilly-dally.

If you should love a lady fair,
And wish her for your bride,
See that you speak your mind to her
Whatever may be said.
Keep other suitors in the rear:
Perchance, if you should tarry,
Some bolder heart will win her love;
So do not dilly-dally.

If you're in debt, and have the means
To pay your creditor,
Haste while the money's in your hand,
And drive the debt from your door.
You'll feel a lighter man when you
Your views with mine will tally:
You'll say, with me, "This always best
To never dilly-dally."

In short, whatever you have to do,
Do quickly, and at once:
The man who stands and "dilly-dallys"
Is nothing but a dunce.
Life's full of activity; if you would climb,
Don't loiter in the valley.
The winner in life's race is he
Who does not dilly-dally.

THE SELLER'S STRATAGEM.

She was lovely, and sane, and independent—and they called her the name of all names that completely fitted her, from her hair of amber-gold and beautiful brown eyes, to her slender, high-arched foot and daintily turned ankle.

She had been christened by the name of the girl babies of the Delandels, had been given for half-a-dozen generations—regal "Beatrice," that about as much suited her as a pair of spectacles on a gorgeous butterfly—until little by little, as she grew into a merry, saucy-sweet, saucy girl—the diminutive of "Trixie" attached to her, and when this day came of which we especially write, every body had forgotten her name but ever been christened by Trixie Deland.

Tom Drayton, and Trixie—well, there was something about her that prevented people—even Drayton, from knowing just how she did feel.

There was quite a little romance about it all that a very few strokes of the pen will tell.

First, Mrs. Drayton, Tom's paternal grandmother, a rich, stately old lady, with whom Trixie was chief idol and best-beloved of her grandsons, and with whom he had lived all his life, but made up her mind, after the fashion of the Medes and the Persians, that Tom should marry her favorite among her grand-daughters, Tom's pretty little blue-eyed cousin, Maud Fleming.

But Maud preferred some body else's cousin, handsome Fred Douglas, and so the cross-bred knot did fair never to be severed, and four young people were in a still later way of making a mess of their life—all because of one thoughtless, resolute old lady who had forgotten to give away with Rupert Drayton fifty years before, because she loved him.

Only Tom had really been unparagonably cowardly to keep from telling Trixie right out and out that their lonely friendship could not amount to anything; and, as a matter of course, when our independent little girl was told that grandma Drayton insisted upon a formal betrothal between Tom and Maud, and told, too, in a half savage way that Tom forced himself to assume for his own safety's sake, our Trixie flashed out like powder.

"Of course you think Maud Fleming—do you think I didn't know that? And she is just as sweet as ever she can be, too!"

"Do bring her down to-night, Tom, and let me congratulate her, and tell Mrs. Drayton I think she is so nice."

"Oh, then you are not at all dissatisfied!"

"I thought, maybe—"

She flashed the brightest of shining brown eyes full in his passionate face, on every feature of which was so visible vexed restraint.

"What! I'm delighted!"

"It's just the very 'daisy' as Phil says."

"Of course I am not in the least surprised."

"Excuse me a moment, please."

And when she suddenly walked off ostensibly to see after the grocer's boy who came in the side gate, and much never had occasioned Trixie any Tom's solicitude care before—how was Tom Drayton or anybody else to know that there was such a horrid choking feeling in her throat, such an agonizing despair thrilling through her, such wild beating of her poor little heart?

Or—how was he to know how firmly she bit her lips, and vowed to herself to show no sign of wonder or dismay? In a couple of minutes she came back—flushed and smiling.

where Trixie was, for he had come over especially to be pitted.

"Go call her," he said, by-and-by, to Phil, and a few minutes after Phil had bowed—

"Say, Trixie, come down here."

"Fred Douglas has been a-waitin' ever since Tom went away; say, 'ryon-a-come!'"

Trixie came—no signs of tears on her freshly-bathed face, no sign of chagrin or dejected visible in her uncurled ruffles, or the braids of her amber-gold hair.

But only a curious little light in her eyes.

"Well?" she said, cheerily, as Fred tossed his cigar out in the scrubby.

"I think not," he answered, so gravely that it touched her.

"But it can't be helped," she went on.

"It's a shame, a downright shame that you can't have Maud."

"Fred!" and a sudden defiant look sprang up in her eyes, "why do you submit to tamely?"

"They can't make her—force her, you know to marry anybody."

He looked doubtful enough.

"Perhaps they couldn't force you, Trixie, but Maud, you know, she is such a dependent, gentle, obedient little soul. She'd do precisely as she's told."

Trixie pulled a spray of honeysuckle off, thoughtfully.

"Fred, consider yourself in the wilderness, under oath."

"Do you think grandma Drayton is doing right to separate you and Maud?"

"Right?"

"Well! I should say not—rather. Nor you and Tom."

"Fred, hush!"

"Would you like to marry Maud, when she dies?"

"Trixie can you doubt it?"

And there was no question of his rapturous assertion in his handsome eyes.

"We may depend on you?"

"Beyond doubt—eh, Trixie, dear?"

"Of course you and Miss Fleming will go?" he asked.

"That is the arrangement I believe going at least."

Trixie leaned her bright head against Fred's arm.

"Well, I would prefer not to change coming back, unless Fred would."

"By no means," he said, so promptly, so resolutely that Drayton went off raving, for exchange all round coming back.

"But of course you will not lose your glorious opportunity," Trixie said, audaciously to her slave, when Drayton was well out of hearing.

"You must watch your chance, and when you see Maud alone, somewhere or other—well, Maud is the fastest pony of the lot, and if I was in love with a lady, I'd drive around by the village, and stop at Doctor Tempest's, and when the rest of the party reaches home, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Douglas will be there to welcome them."

Her brown eyes were shining like stars, and Fred Douglas looked at her almost in awe.

"Trixie!"

"Will I dare?"

"Will Maud—"

Trixie gave an impatient little exclamation.

"Now don't be a coward and spoil every thing."

"There! Puck and there's Maud; there's Tempest and there's you."

"Go ahead!"

And when, as he and Trixie passed Maud sitting at Drayton's side, the moonlight making her pitiful eyes even more pitiful, his mind was made up, and his heart beat most undisciplinedly for an hour or more, until—

Maud was standing all alone, quite some distance off from the others, and Drayton and pretty Miss Fleming were having a furious flirtation.

And Fred went up to her, so silently and suddenly, that the sound of his low passionate voice startled her into pale alarm.

"My Maud, my love—I shall not permit this any longer."

"Drayton can't have you—I want you—I must have you, little darling, for always."

"Come, Maud, quickly!"

Health and Exercise.

Bertha von Hellern, the female pedestrian, contributes the following sensible remarks about exercise for young ladies: One of the problems of the age is to discover the cause why women cannot pursue the same course of studies with men, and not break down by the way, or invalidate themselves for the future if they keep on.

It seems to have been pretty well proved that they have the intellectual power to grasp the same studies, and when they break down it is not because they have gone beyond their intellectual, but their physical strength.

Could I have, for one year before their graduation, control of six young women who have begun to faint and fail, and of six of the most healthy and active of the young men, I would show the tables turned. Let the young men, for twelve months, be forced to lead the kind of life these "broken down" girl students have led; let the young women gradually fall into the habits of outdoor exercise their brothers have had, and the result will be—six pallid and drooping young men shall come up to take their degrees, and six rosy-cheeked, smiling young ladies come up for theirs, with health enough left to make long and happy use of the stores they have treasured up.

To ask the tired school-girl or the more weary teacher to "take a walk," seems to invite them to a monotonous effort, of the good of which they are only half convinced of the pleasure even less so; but once let it be known what pleasures are open to the student, and the marks of the walking students would fill rapidly.

It is said that girls read their studies not only because the studies are too severe, but because, tired as they are, the natural craving for excitement leads them to even ting parties and amusements which still further tax the failing strength, and so a cruel circle is created against excitement.

But the craving for it remains, and youth however ambitious, will still demand to be amused; the only way is to provide a means of healthy excitement, and this lies far more in the possibilities of a walk than those who have not experienced it would readily believe.

In climbing mountains preserve a position almost as upright as when walking on a level; the slight gain gained by throwing the body farther forward is more than counter-balanced by the extra strain upon the muscles of the back causing "back-ache," and the cramping of the lungs, resulting in short, panting breath.

Time to time take a long, slow breath, extending the lungs to their fullest capacity. In leaping over stones or in any jumping, try to avoid a jerk; so much injury can be done to the delicate human machinery by any shock (mental or physical) that it is worth while to give a little time to the practice of leaping in order to learn to do it smoothly.

The great point is to let the whole body remain supple; then when we land upon our feet the body resists its springiness, and does not come down like a pile of wood.

Had I time to take charge of a party of young people for a few weeks' vacation in the White Mountains, for example, I believe I could show them how to get pleasure out of a walk that would astonish them.

Let us suppose ourselves about to take a walk up a mountain side. But first let us be prepared with soft, strong boots, broad enough to give the feet full play, with wide low heels. Let the dress be flannel, made so as to give entire freedom of action to limbs and lungs, and short enough to keep out of the dust and mud. If exposed to the direct action of a hot sun, a white cloth, dry, inside the hat, is the best protection for the head.

Do not drink cold water when overheated; if cold water is taken, hold it in the mouth until the chill is taken off before swallowing, and if you must sit down for a rest, walk gently for a little before stopping; never allow yourself to cool suddenly, being overworked.

Some of the ladies of my acquaintance who are now the best walkers were a few years ago pitiful invalids. Through a carefully acquired habit of exercising in the open air, they are now in perfect health—capable of great endurance and rapid recuperation.

It seems to me, could I have personal control of a delicate woman for a year, that I could bring many of them at least to a condition of health before the year is over.

It has been said that in this country walking is not practical; that there are no proper roads or paths; that our rude and changing weather, our mud and dust and winds, are almost insurmountable objections.

I have been thrown by circumstances into nearly every variety of adverse surroundings, with regard to walking in this country, and I have yet to find, in any part of the United States, or the British Provinces, where I could not walk from 10 to 20 miles at almost every season, with no serious inconvenience to myself, and borne by any young girl in ordinary health who had a habit of out-door exercise.

There are many good things to be got out of a tramp of this kind. There is the glorious country sunrise, for instance. No man ever saw a sunrise in the city.

A new country and barely designs to come sailing along over the crowded town about ten o'clock in the forenoon, heating the bricks to about the temperature of the furnace that held the Hebrew children. But the sunrise in the country! That's worth seeing. Not that anybody ever experienced what it was worth seeing for, but everybody says it's a grand sight, and true.

Then the long walk invigorates the muscles, while the deep inhalations of pure air expand the chest and send the blood tingling to the extremities. And one gets so deliciously tired, and what an appetite one has after a six hours' tramp through meadows and woods. The thirst engendered by the unwonted exercise in the case bottle refreshment carried in the case bottle refreshment for the depletion of the thirst gods. And such exhilarating sport, so that it seems as if the birds were always getting away, owing to the poor quality of the powder in the cartridges probably, but the game and dogs make a deal of noise and every one gets excited and rushes about ready to break his neck, declaring he never had such sport in his life.

An Elevated Railway.

Vienna is in a fair way to realize soon her wish for an elevated railway. The Government has already decided, it is said on trustworthy evidence, to grant the necessary concessions to an English company, so that it remains for the local authorities to agree upon certain details in the construction. Some 150,000 tons of iron will be needed for the work, and Austrian furnaces will supply it all, a contract for the most of it having already been concluded.

Ancient Stationery.

Is it not strange in these days of cheap stationery to think of a time when both parchment and papyrus had become so rare and so exorbitantly expensive that both Greeks and Romans were in the habit of using a palimpsest, which was simply some old manuscript with the former writing erased? Thus countless works of authors now celebrated, and whose every word is held priceless in this nineteenth century, were ruthlessly destroyed by their contemporaries. Verily those prophets lacked honor! Many were the expedients resorted to by the early scribes for the supply of writing materials.

There were no scribbling paper whereon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts but the heaps of broken pots and crockery of all sorts, which are so abundant in all Eastern towns, prove the first suggestion for such china tablets and slates as we now use, and bits of smooth stone or tiles were constantly used for this purpose, and remain to this day. Fragments of ancient tiles thus scribbled on (such tiles as that whereon Ezekiel was commanded to portray the city of Jerusalem) have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than a hundred specimens of these memoranda, which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldier's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. How little those scribes and accountants foresaw the interest with which learned descendants of the barbarians of the isles would one day treasure their rough notes! Still quarter were the writing materials of the ancient Arabs, who before the time of Mohammed used to carve their annals on the slender blades of sheep; these "sheep-chronicles" were strung together, and thus preserved. After a while, sheep's bones were replaced by sheep's skin, and the manufacture of parchment was brought to such perfection as to place it among the refinements of art. We hear of vellums that were tinted yellow, others of vellums that were tinted blue, others of vellums that were tinted red, and the writing thereon was in golden ink, with gold borders and many-colored decorations. These precious manuscripts were annotated with the oil of cedar to preserve them from moths. We hear of one such in which the name of Mohammed was adorned with garlands of tulips and carnations painted in vivid colors. Still more precious was the silky paper of the Persians, powdered with gold and silver dust, whereon were painted rare illuminations, while the book was perfumed with attar of roses or essence of sandal-wood. Of the demand for writing materials one may form some faint notion from the vast number of libraries of which records have been preserved, as having been collected by the Caliphs both of the East and West, the former in Bagdad, the latter in Andalusia, where there were 80 great public libraries, besides that vast one at Cordova. We also hear of private libraries, such as that of a physician who declined an invitation from the Sultan of Morocco because the carriage of his books would have required 400 camels. If all the physicians of Bagdad were equally literary, the city could scarcely have contained their books, as we hear that the medical brotherhood numbered 860 licensed practitioners.

Shark vs. Swordfish.

Gen. Spinner gives the following description of a sea fight off the coast of Florida:

Recently as I went for my usual surf bath, accompanied by my daughter, Mrs. Schumacher, we witnessed what has probably seldom been seen. The ocean was unusually placid, but a strange commotion in the surf was noticed. On nearing the shore we saw that a fierce battle was raging between two schools of fishes, one of sharks and the other of swordfish. It was high tide, and the water was quite shallow, so that the caudal and dorsal fins of both these kinds of sea monsters were constantly seen above the water. The onslaught of each of the combatants, of which I was sure, was twenty yards in view, was fierce and terrific. A disabled swordfish was stranded. I waded into him and with the edge of a piece of floor board gave him the coup de grace. He measured nearly five feet and carried a sword three and a half feet long, with over fifty teeth on its outer margin. It was found that one of the sharks had bitten a piece out of his side equal to a foot square, through which his bowels protruded.

At one time it looked as if another pair of the combatants would be stranded; for in their struggle they came so near the shore that they touched bottom all the time but they finally managed to join their companions in deep water, and after fifteen minutes all the hellions were submerged to the great relief of those who cared more for sea bathing than for seeing the terrific fights of sea monsters. My daughter will carry the saw of the captured fish to her home as a memento and trophy of the great conflict, and for an addition to her cabinet of ocean curiosities.

Hats in Churches.

Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The Puritans of the commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on whether preaching or being preached to, since Popsy's notes bearing a single clergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church, and a year afterward (1662) writes: "To the French church in the Savoy, and there they have the common prayer book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off. I suppose in further conformity with our church. William III. rather scandalized his church-going subjects by following the Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuet, at the age of fourteen, attended the gay stanzas of the Hymn de Rembrandt, to a midnight hymn, but uncovering when the boy preacher had finished bowed low before him, saying: "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late."

Curiosities of Evidence.

When the celebrated Sergeant Hill conducted a defense at the bar of the house of lords, he propounded a question to a witness which the counsel on the other side objected to. After much had been said on either side, the law lords themselves disagreed, and the bar and all strangers were ordered to withdraw. After an absence of two hours they were readmitted, and the lord chancellor informed Mr. Hill that the house decided the question might be put. "Please you, my lords," said the sergeant, "it is so long since I asked the question that I forgot what it was, but with your lordships' permission I will put another."

A witness was lately called on a trial at the Old Bailey to prove an *acti*. He solemnly swore that the prisoner on the night, and at the hour in question (11:25 o'clock p. m.), was at home and in bed at a distant part of the parish. Nothing could shake his testimony, for he said he had looked at the clock just as the prisoner went upstairs and had set the clock right with the church clock himself the same day, and it certainly 11:25 o'clock p. m., etc. "Pray what do you make the time now?" blandly asked the counsel who cross-examined, pointing to a great white dial over the dock. No answer was given. "Don't be confused—take your time. I ask you again—what is the time by that clock now?" The question was repeated several times and the witness was eventually bound to confess that he could not tell the time at all. Singularly enough the clock in the court was standing at 11:35 o'clock when he made this avowal.

We remember a country witness being called at the assizes to prove that at a particular hour on a certain night the moon was shining and at the full. There happened to be no almanac in court, but the evidence seemed to be satisfactory, for he had obtained his information from "a regular good London almanac's almanac."

The question was asked in cross-examination, "How did you obtain this London almanac's almanac? Did you 'buy it'?" "Buy it! No; my father pasted it. He found my kitchen door nine years ago—the day I was married!" It need hardly be said that information as to the moon's age during a day in the current year was of little value from an almanac nine years old.

We may remark that all evidence of a "circumstantial" character is received with great caution, and doubt rightly so, on a trial. Take, as an illustration of this, the evidence offered against a prisoner, of footmarks. Nothing is more common than to find the impression of boots and shoes near to a murdered body, or to pieces of furniture which have been broken into. A policeman is called as a witness on the trial, who deposes that he took the boots off the prisoner upon his arrest, that he compared them with the footmarks near the place of the alleged crime, and that they corresponded in every particular.

"You compared them, I suppose," usually asks the judge, "by placing the boots in the impression, and seeing if they corresponded?" "Yes, my lord." The answer is fatal to that branch of the evidence, for the placing of the boot in the impression found, very possibly caused the similarity relied upon; the prudent officer places the prisoner's boot beside the footprint presses it into the earth, and then removing it, compares the impression made with the one discovered.

We remember an amusing little circumstance occurring during a protracted trial for felony in one of the midland counties a few years ago. A boy, entering the court and making his way to the jury box, handed to the officer in attendance a note addressed to one of the jury, the officer handing it, as a duty bound to "his lordship on the bench." The judge—first asking permission—opened and read the communication. After a solemn pause he remarked: "I think, sir, I had better not read you this at present. You could not now comply with its suggestion, and it might distract your attention from the very serious case we are trying." The jurymen bowed, and the judge carefully placed the letter between the pages of his note-book.

When the case concluded, about 8 or 9 o'clock at night, said the judge, "There is your note, sir. I am afraid it will give you little pleasure now." The juror opened and read it, smiled, bowed, and hastily left the box, leaving the note behind, which we trust, were guilty of no great indiscretion in reading. It was in a female hand:

Dearest Jim: Mr. and Mrs. Brown have just come, and have brought such a lovely pair of ducks, you can't think and well have the pudding we left for Christmas. I'll put them down to be ready at 1 o'clock sharp, because the B's must leave early—by the 5 o'clock train. Do leave that nasty coat. Say you're poorly or anything. Maud, at 1 o'clock! We shan't wait! Yours, Kitty.

Poor Rujman.

Religious Orders in India.

The Brahmo Samaj of India, is a religious Order which has been in existence about fifty years, and has 140 churches scattered all over that country. It was founded by the late Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, and about the same time another Order, called the "New Dispensation," was formed by Babu Heshub Chunder Sen. These Orders, differing in some things, are both of them progressive and reformatory, and are doing much to undermine the citadel of heathenism in India. The public mind of that country is aroused as never before from the debasing practice of Pagan rites and superstitions, and the old barriers to Christianity, the growth of 2000 years

Men convicted of misdemeanors to be kept separate from the felons and county convicts are to be in the counties where practicable.

A LAWYER'S TESTIMONY.—During eight years my attacks of dyspepsia were so terrible that I often had to stop business. Parker's Ginger Tonic built me up from almost a skeleton to the perfect health I now enjoy.

and names the following as his witnesses,
viz: Henry F. Montgomery, John C. Archer,
Thos. Parker and Nathan Petit, Jackson-
ville, Ala.

JNO. M. CROSS,

MARTIN & WILKERSON,
Oct 7 if Jacksonville, Ala.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat, up-to-date, fashionable style, give this

Anniston, Alabama
THOMAS J SCOTT. Register.
nov25-5t

Woad Wanted

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat and fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, 3rd. 20, 18

which will be sold at the lowest possible profits. Will be constantly receiving new additions to stock until filled.

a call and examine my stock.
C. D. HARPER.
nov 11-5t

his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz, Marcus D. L. Monahan, of Anniston, Alabama; Norvell M. Bonds, of Anniston, Alabama; James O. McCullers, of Anniston, Alabama; Elijah Y. Hurst,

Anniston, Alabama
THOMAS J SCOTT. Register.
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Woad Wanted

At this Office!

AGRICULTURE.

EARLY FATTENING OF ANIMALS.—It is quite as important to fatten and market economically the animal products of the farm as it is to raise them. A pound of beef, pork or poultry can be made much cheaper in September and October than later in the season, when a large part of the ration must go to keep up the heat. There is no doubt of the fact that laying fat upon an animal's carcass. It must come out of good husbandry in the farm. The temperature in the latter part of summer and early autumn is in favor of the best use of all the fattening articles of feed, while there is enough of grain to sharpen the appetite and keep up good digestion. We have found green cornmeal, especially sweet corn, an excellent article in the fall, to be fed in conjunction with corn on the cob and cornmeal and other ration. We have never seen pork made more rapidly than with this kind of feeding. It will be seen that the animal will eat up green, and no more. Suck up the feed a little while anything is left in the trough. This will require a little of the corn, but the pigs will grow so fast that they will not mind it. To see the full advantage, corn is a very good feed, and we want to make the best use of it. The best quality corn was known to give extra feed in September, when they began to kill in November. The Thanksgiving market is pretty sure to be a good one, and brings ready cash. The small potatoes to be fed with turkeys and ducks, and make an excellent feed for turkeys and ducks. This favors growth as well as fattening. The ration of corn and other grain, in ground, may be reserved to the last few weeks. Turkeys should have their diet at all times, and in feeding, turkeys should be kept in their own pens, and we could not say of this method. With a good run, they will have a greater variety of food, and thrive better with an access to a pasture with pond or brook, while they are receiving full food for market. All that the fattening animals will eat up, is a good rule for the last month of feeding.

CARE OF BIRDS.—There is an old saying to the effect that a woman's housekeeping capacity can be told by the state in which her broom is kept. There are a great many housekeepers who always leave their brooms standing where they were last used, and who let the same broom be used for parlor, kitchen and door yard. Now this is obviously bad economy. Your plan is to keep a separate broom for the parlor, the dining-room, sleeping-room and kitchen. When the latter is too much worn for use in the house, send it to the barn; take the second best for the kitchen, the broom from upstairs for the dining room, the parlor broom for the chambers, and let the new one be kept for the parlor and hall. Many servants have the habit of leaving brooms on the ground when stopping to pick up articles while sweeping; this results in bent and broken spindles and a worthless broom. When a new broom is purchased, provide a way of hanging it up in this wise: With a small gimlet bore a hole through the handle, about an inch from the top; draw in a piece of strong waxed twine, long enough when tied in a knot to form a loop 3 or 4 inches long. It brooms up dipped in clean, hot suds every week and dried quickly, they will last twice as long.

HARNESS DURING SUMMER is apt to be neglected and to be worn very rapidly by heat, rain and perspiration from the horse. It is also injured by the ammonia, freely given off from the stable even with the greatest care. A little glycerine mixed with the oil used in blacking will keep the harness flexible much better than the oil alone. Most preparations for oiling harness contain glycerine and owe to it most of their value.

SEATING YOUNG TREES may be easily effected if taken in time, by summer pruning and pinching. A needless or misplaced shoot, which might become a conspicuous distortion if left to grow, is rubbed off with the thumb when an inch or two long. Branches which are running out too long are stopped by pinching off the ends. By these means a handsome and symmetrical head is easily given to a young tree, if taken in time.

The new method of cutting up the leaves and stems of the cotton plant for feeding purposes is likely to work a revolution in Southern farming. The plant used with the cotton is a excellent for feeding the sheep. Not only may the plant be used to make a nutritious manure, but the production of cotton and wool may be made to work together and help each other.

A PIECE OF RYE near a poultry-house is very useful during the fall and spring, and sometimes in the winter, as a feed pasture. The sowing of grain in their yards is also an excellent plan. What is scratched out will be eaten up clean, and plenty of scratching and green food are what they need.

The test of good farming is found in the thoroughness with which every scrap of manure is cleaned from the barnyard; at least twice a year for the use of crops. A considerable quantity of manure will accumulate during the summer, and is best applied as top-dressing for such wheat or grass as is to be ploughed next spring.

NEBRASKA has 100,000 acres of cultivated timber land, all planted within the last ten years, and mostly since the timber claim Act was passed. The Catalpa hard and soft maple are the favorite trees for planting, though there are many groves planted to black walnut.

Rye is gaining much favor as a solitary crop for cattle, and it makes a good hay when cured. It may be sowed for feed in April for milch cows, and the ground may then be ploughed and planted to other crops.

BARON LIEBIG says: "The only method by which you can possibly advance and develop agriculture by experiment; that is the only plan, for there is no branch of industry so completely built up by experiment as agriculture."

Less grain and more grazing tend to a better development of frame and muscle than when corn is fed to hogs exclusively. Build the frame first, and lay on the fat afterward.

It is lamentable that so few farms have a supply of small fruits. Many farmers never have a berry of their own raising, while the most hardy fruit, the common red cherry, is not at all plenty.

Keep the grapevines well trained to trellises of wood or wire; leave no young canes sprawling about. The vine pruned very rapidly when the tendrils have something to grasp. Do not harm the leaves on young shoots.

A seed of radish fifteen years old has grown freely on being planted.

DOMESTIC.

HOM-MADE SAUCES.—Home-made sauces help to keep the grocery bill small, and they may be as appetizing and even more so than anything we can buy, if made with due thought. A piquant horse-radish sauce is a good relish with roast beef or with fish. Take two spoonfuls of made mustard, two of white vinegar, a little salt and vinegar, enough to make the sauce of the proper quality; pour this over a teaspoonful of grated horse-radish root. Excellent tomato sauce is made by peeling and cutting in small pieces a dozen large, ripe and juicy tomatoes; and six small, green peppers and two medium-sized onions; chop these very fine, stir in a coffee-cupful of vinegar, two or three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, a heaping tea-spoonful of salt (more if your taste demands it), a teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves, allspice and cinnamon; boil for half an hour, and then add a half cupful of vinegar and a half cupful of sugar and vinegar five minutes before taking from the fire. Another tomato sauce is made of a peck of ripe tomatoes, two onions, half a dozen red peppers, half a pint of salt, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, two of mace, two of ginger and two of allspice and cloves mixed. Cut the tomatoes and onions in pieces and boil for two hours; when cold stir in a pint of vinegar. This is a sour sauce, and it keeps well. There are delicious outcups of tomatoes and of cucumbers; these are a little more trouble to make, as they must be strained and carefully bottled, but they are so satisfactory that the trouble does not count for much, after all.

EVERYBODY should send 25 cents to Strawberry & Clothier and receive their *Fashion Quarterly* for six months. Nearly 1000 illustrations and four pages of new music in each issue.

It is well for the inexperienced pickle maker to be told that there is just as great difference in green tomatoes as there is in anything else. To insure crisp and fine flavored green tomato pickles, it is necessary to start with fine, ripened, firm tomatoes, and the half grown ones are best. They are not so juicy, and the slices look and are really more compact. They keep their shape better. Another point to be noted in pickle making is that in order to have good cucumber pickles that will keep well, they must be fresh when you begin the picking process. If kept for two or three days they become soft, and it is almost impossible to succeed with them.

Gratitude Inexpressible.
PATTERSON, N. J., May 13, 1881.
H. H. WARNER & Co.: Sirs—I cannot use language expressive enough to convey my appreciation of the value of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs. I never lose an opportunity to recommend it highly.
WM. RADOLFF.

CURRENT JELLY OMELET.—Beat six eggs together, and add three tablespoonfuls of fresh milk and a sprinkle of salt. Put a piece of butter as large as a walnut in a spider, hot enough to melt it, but not brown it. Turn in half of the mixture and let it become set in pan. Put a heaping tablespoonful of currant jelly on top of it, in the middle, and turn each side of the omelet, one over the other, letting the jelly melt so as to run out a little, and brown the edges. Put a small heated platter over the spider with the left hand, and with a jerk of the right hand turn it quickly upon the platter. Serve at once, and have the rest of the mixture cooked while the first one is eaten.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Bitter of Calisaya," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

SPINACH A LA CREME.—Pick over and wash the spinach, and cut the leaves from the stems. Boil in hot water, a little salted, about twenty minutes. Drain, put in a wooden tray or upon a board; chop very fine, and rub through a colander. Put into a saucepan; stir until it begins to smoke throughout. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter for a good-sized dish, a teaspoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to liking. Beat, as it heats, with a silver fork or wire spoon. Flavor with a little nutmeg. Cook this until it begins to bubble up. Pour into a deep dish, surrounded with sliced egg, and serve.

Thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, have been sold, and from all over the land comes one universal cry, "Carboline, as now improved and perfected, is the best hair restorer ever used." Sold by all druggists.

A PRETTY wall-pocket or sort of hanging-basket is made of a common fan, not a co-called Japanese fan, but one that spreads. Take out the wire that holds the sticks together at the handle, then spread the fan and fasten the two outer sticks together, then wind a piece of wire around the sticks at the bottom, tie a ribbon over the top, and make a box with short ends. The handle, by which the pocket is to hang is of ribbon, all of the same width and color as the other, and is fastened at each side of the pocket with a small bow.

Allen's Brain Food.
Cures Nervous Debility and Weakness of Generative Organs, \$1 all druggists. Send for circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av. N. Y.

A TASTEFUL way to arrange the narrow curtains at each side of a hall door is to make them of muslin or of lace; gather them at the top and bottom; have the muslin full. About midway between the top and bottom tie a ribbon around the muslin, make a pretty bow and let it come next to the glass. The ribbon so close that the muslin will be drawn in at the centre; let the muslin hang loosely and gracefully, not in stiff folds. If there are no other windows in the hall, plenty of light will be admitted by this arrangement. Dotted muslin is preferred to plain.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All cases stopped here. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLEANING MIRRORS.—If you clean your mirror with a soft paper instead of a cloth, time and trouble will both be saved, as there will be no lint and the glass will have a better polish.

HUMOROUS.

"AND now, in conclusion," said William Penn "for time flows and money is twelve per cent. I'll tell thee what I'll do with thee. We didn't come here to rob thee, but if it has any land thee wants to sell, I'll make thee an offer as square as a horse trade. I don't care to buy anyhow, and I don't want to beat thee out of a foot of ground, but if these are anxious to sell, I'll give, right here, cash and goods right down on the counter, five hundred dollars for the State of Pennsylvania, with all the dips, spurs, angles, leads, sinosities, stock, good will, fixtures, subscription and mailing list, and all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, be the same more or less, and you can take it or leave it."

"Example is better than precept." It is well known that dyspepsia, bilious attacks, headache and many other ills can only be cured by removing their cause. Kline's Food has been proved to be the most effective remedy for these, and for indigestion, constipation, which so afflict millions of the American people.

For five cents, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send colored samples of all colors of Diamond Dyes, with Directions.

A TEACHER in a suburban school was giving her class an object lesson a few days ago and drew a cat on the blackboard for its inspection. She then asked what there was on the cat, and the unanimous reply was "hair." "What else?" she queried. There was a long pause of consideration, but finally the hand of a bright-eyed little 5-year-old shot up and almost simultaneously came her triumphant answer: "Fleas!"

Change of Mind.
I declined to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I then thought they might not be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but find they are, and a very valuable medicine, myself and wife having been greatly benefited by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.

REV. JOHN SEAMAN,
Editor *Home Sentinel*, Atton, N. Y.

Two views of the matter: An Irishman tried to shoot a little clumping bird with an old Queen Anne musket. He fired. The bird, with a chirrup or two, flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and Pat was swiftly and noiselessly laid on his spine in the background. Picking himself up and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed, "Ye jabbers, ye wouldn't a chirruped if ye'd been at this end of the gun!"

*Dr. S. B. DUNN says: "As a rule physicians do not, by their professional methods build up the female constitution, while they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and strengthen the exhausted powers of womanhood, and for most of these are needed the numerous outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

UNNECESSARY SUBSTITUTION.—"Why didn't you deliver that message as I gave it to you?" asked an Austin gentleman of his stupid servant. "I did, best I could, bo-s." "You did the best you could, did you?" imitating his voice and look. "So you did the best you could. If I had known that I was sending a donkey I would have gone myself."

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.
AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 20, 1881.
To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist:
Dear Sir—My case was an acute form of Bronchitis, and was of one and a half years duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly, until the doctors said I would die; that my case was incurable. Thrown upon my own resources, I got a bottle of Dr. Wm. HALL'S PALM FOR THE LUNGS, and in six hours felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer of throat or lung disease.
C. G. LATHROP.

An impatient customer: One day toward twilight, and an uncertain light, a man bunched up over the counter of a drug store. The next moment he uttered a loud cry. The next moment he uttered a loud cry. The next moment he uttered a loud cry.

C. C. SHAYNE, 103 Prince street, New York, the well known wholesale manufacturer of sealskin sacks, dolmans and fur-trimmed coats, offers goods at retail. Order direct from headquarters, and receive the profits of the middlemen. Ladies are sure of getting reliable furs, and fully twenty-five per cent. cheaper than retailers' prices.

It is said you can tell when it is going to be a hard winter by the thickness of the husks on the corn. Editors arrive at similar conclusions by the amount of poetry that flows into the office at this season of the year. From indications at the present moment we predict that overcoats and arctics will be needed before January first.

Rapture Cured.
NEWTON, Pa., Sept. 20th, 1882.
DR. J. B. MAYER, Dear Sir—I will state to you that I am all right, and have not worn the support since the 8th of July, and since then have been hard at work on a farm. There is no pain or soreness about me nor has there been since.

Yours Respectfully,
G. L. SHWARTZ.

"You don't care very much about music. Why do you wish so very much to have me compose an entirely new air for you to whistle?" asked a musician of his friend. And the latter replied: "By Jove, I want something to whistle with that confounded jay in the next room to mine don't know, and, therefore, can't join in on and spoil all my fun."

Don't fail to read the twenty dollar Sewing Machine advertisement of C. A. Wood & Co., then send for a circular.

Nor so bad for an "old chappie." First old chappie—"Think we've time for a cigarette, old chappie?" Second old chappie—"Well, old chappie, considering thirty years are supposed to lapse between the last and the next, I think we have!"

MAGGIE'S baby: Some time ago a very innocent young lady paid a visit to a lady friend, who, a few days before, had presented her good man with a son. She had, of course, to see the baby. After looking hard at the little stranger some time she remarked: "Dear me, Maggie, how sunburnt it is!"

RYE TEA CAKES.—Rye tea cakes or breakfast cakes are made of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt; stir in this enough flour to make a batter about like griddle-cake batter (rye flour sifted is to be used). Bake in well-buttered gem pans for half an hour. If the cook prefers to do so, she can use part rye and part wheat flour.

HAMBURG CREAM.—Stir together the rind and juice of two large lemons and one cup of sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of eight eggs, put all in a tin and set in a pot of boiling water (if you have no double boiler); stir for three minutes, take from the fire, add the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and serve when cold in custard glasses.

When about to broil fish it is a good plan to grease the gridiron well with a little lard. You will not be troubled then by having about half the fish sticking to the gridiron when you attempt to remove it to the platter.

If you wish to clean your spice mill, you will find that by grinding a handful of raw rice through it this can be accomplished. The particles of spice and pepper or of coffee will not adhere to it after this rice is ground through it.

PILES ANAKESIS
Dr. S. Silsbee's External Pile Remedy
Gives instant relief and is a reliable CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.
This is a new and reliable remedy for Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all kinds of Piles. It is a new and reliable remedy for Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all kinds of Piles. It is a new and reliable remedy for Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all kinds of Piles.

KIDNEY WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and LIVER.
This is a new and reliable remedy for Kidney and Liver diseases. It is a new and reliable remedy for Kidney and Liver diseases. It is a new and reliable remedy for Kidney and Liver diseases. It is a new and reliable remedy for Kidney and Liver diseases.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS
The true antidote to the effects of malaria is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies on the continent, and is a sure cure for all diseases of the stomach and liver. It is a new and reliable remedy for Stomach and Liver diseases. It is a new and reliable remedy for Stomach and Liver diseases. It is a new and reliable remedy for Stomach and Liver diseases.

OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD.
IT CURES
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
This is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

KIDNEY'S BLOOD PURIFIER
The Bad and Worthless.
are never initiated or counterfeited. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy initiated is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprang up and began to steal the notices in which the press and the people of the country had expressed the merits of it, and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of it. Many others started to make up in similar style to Hop Bitters, with various devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in the name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch of cluster of green hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

AGENTS WANTED
A party to make money rapidly, using our NEW BOOK, "HOW TO MAKE MONEY," is wanted. This is a new and reliable book for all who want to make money. It is a new and reliable book for all who want to make money. It is a new and reliable book for all who want to make money. It is a new and reliable book for all who want to make money.

STOPPED FREE
Nerve Restorer
This is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the nerves. It is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the nerves. It is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the nerves. It is a new and reliable remedy for all diseases of the nerves.

These answering an advertisement
will confer a favor upon readers of the *Philadelphia Record* by publishing the names of the persons who have answered the advertisement in this journal (naming paper).

WATERMELON growers in the South estimate that if the comet had put its appearance a month earlier, they would have had several thousand more melons for the market. It seems that the class of people who acquire their watermelons on a dark night are superstitious about comets.

A Dead Shot
may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

An Indian epigram: Old Chief Pocotello, now at the Fort Hall agency, in answer to an inquiry relative to the true Christian character of a former Indian agent at that place, gave in very terse language the most accurate description of a hypocrite that was ever given to the public: "Ugh! too much God and no flour."

"Woman and Her Diseases" is the title of an interesting treatise (98 pages) sent, post-paid, for three stamps. Address "World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y."

GEN. GRANT has cast aside the Havana cigars and now smokes those made from tobacco raised in Mexico. He wrote to Senator Romero, the Mexican Minister, the other day, extolling the weed of the continent as more fragrant than that brought from Cuba. Connecticut tobacco growers will now manufacture Mexican instead of Cuban cigars.

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred troubles, should send three stamps for Part VII of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address "World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y."

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"Yes," said Burkenstein, "I came pretty near doing a mean thing to-day. I had a counterfeited half, and I was about to give it to a poor blind beggar who asked for alms, but I resisted the temptation and got an old apple-woman to change it by buying five cents' worth of fruit!"

*"One man's meat is another man's poison." Kidney-Wort expels the poisonous humors. The first thing to do in the Spring is to clean the house. For internal cleansing and renovating, no other medicine is equal to Kidney-Wort. In either dry or liquid form it cures headache, bilious attacks, constipation and deranged kidneys.

Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes for Silk, Wool, cotton, &c., 10 cents. A child can use with perfect success.

She snuffed it: Jean (wakening Tam at the dead of night): "Oh, dy ye feel the smell of the gas? Ay, ye shure ye wonder it out?" Tam: "Shure, wumman, I wonder to hear ye talking. Hiv I no got a big blister on my thumb?"

Economy: Wouldn't it be a joke on Miss Emily Faithful, who has come over from England to lecture Americans on their extravagance, if she met with an empty hall, with cards upon the seats stating, "We could not afford to come?"

Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.
I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

DE A. PRATT.
INDIVIDUAL INDIFFERENCE: A man never realizes the littleness of his own abilities so much as when, after blacking his own boots, he is greeted by the first boy he meets with the customary "Shine?"

Too illiberal: When Closephist died his disconsolate widow moaned through her tears: "Well, there is one thing. John never gave me a cross word." "Nor anything else that he wasn't obliged to," murmured Pogg.

Tumult Cured.
PROXIMITY, Pa., August 20th, 1882.
DR. J. B. MAYER, 331 Arch Street, Philadelphia: Dear Sir—I have been ruptured very badly, it gave me a great deal of trouble and very severe pain, so that I couldn't get up in December 1880, and the following March 1881 I left my support off and feel sound to day.

Yours truly, F. B. ROSSITER.
The latest compound is "Wonder." The man was killed who first propounded the conundrum and the answer died with him.

FOR SALE.—The target used by the American rifle team. It is slightly injured by exposure to the weather, but otherwise as good as new.

"Buchanan." Quick, complete cure urinary affections, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases, \$1 as druggists. Prepaid by express, \$1.25, or \$5. E. & W. W. L. Jersey City, N. J.

Dows in Texas a man will marry a woman on a day's acquaintance, which is one reason why divorce lawyers always do well in that State.

25c buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, makes a boot or shoe last twice as long.
Foom.—A good complexion never goes with a bad diet. Strong coffee, hot bread and butter, heated grease, highly spiced soups, meats or game, hot drinks, alcoholic liquors, fat meats, are all damaging to its beauty. Strong tea used daily will after a time give the skin the color and appearance of leather. Coffee affects the skin less, but the nerves more, and a healthy nervous system is necessary to beauty.

BARLEY WATER.—Add two ounces of pearl barley to half a pint of boiling water; let simmer for five minutes, drain, and add two quarts of boiling water; add two ounces of sliced figs and two ounces of stoned raisins; boil until reduced to a quart; strain for drink. This is very nutritious for an invalid.

This shives of bread dipped in tomato sauce and then fried in butter until they are brown, take the place of an omelet. This is a good way to utilize stale bread.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.
Woman can sympathize with Woman.
Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.
Gives for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all (these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses as common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Indigestion and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Splint Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Irritability.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1.50 bottles for \$6. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for \$6. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

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Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes for Silk, Wool, cotton, &c., 10 cents. A child can use with perfect success.

She snuffed it: Jean (wakening Tam at the dead of night): "Oh, dy ye feel the smell of the gas? Ay, ye shure ye wonder it out?" Tam: "Shure, wumman, I wonder to hear ye talking. Hiv I no got a big blister on my thumb?"

Economy: Wouldn't it be a joke on Miss Emily Faithful, who has come over from England to lecture Americans on their extravagance, if she met with an empty hall, with cards upon the seats stating, "We could not afford to come?"

Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.
I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

DE A. PRATT.
INDIVIDUAL INDIFFERENCE: A man never realizes the littleness of his own abilities so much as when, after blacking his own boots, he is greeted by the first boy he meets with the customary "Shine?"

Too illiberal: When Closephist died his disconsolate widow moaned through her tears: "Well, there is one thing. John never gave me a cross word." "Nor anything else that he wasn't obliged to," murmured Pogg.

Tumult Cured.
PROXIMITY, Pa., August 20th, 1882.
DR. J. B. MAYER, 331 Arch Street, Philadelphia: Dear Sir—I have been ruptured very badly, it gave me a great deal of trouble and very severe pain, so that I couldn't get up in December 1880, and the following March 1881 I left my support off and feel sound to day.

Yours truly, F. B. ROSSITER.
The latest compound is "Wonder." The man was killed who first propounded the conundrum and the answer died with him.

FOR SALE.—The target used by the American rifle team. It is slightly injured by exposure to the weather, but otherwise as good as new.

"Buchanan." Quick, complete cure urinary affections, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases, \$1 as druggists. Prepaid by express, \$1.25, or \$5. E. & W. W. L. Jersey City, N. J.

Dows in Texas a man will marry a woman on a day's acquaintance, which is one reason why divorce lawyers always do well in that State.

25c buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, makes a boot or shoe last twice as long.
Foom.—A good complexion never goes with a bad diet. Strong coffee, hot bread and butter, heated grease, highly spiced soups, meats or game, hot drinks, alcoholic liquors, fat meats, are all damaging to its beauty. Strong tea used daily will after a time give the skin the color and appearance of leather

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

"The dewfall on the lonely farm,

The daisy air is soft as balm,

The daisies hide their heads of gold,

Slow, drowsy, swinging bells are heard

In pastures dewy, dark and dim,

And in the dooryard trees a bird

Trills sleepily his evening hymn.

The dark blue deeps are full of stars;

One lone lamp to the hillside gleam,

A mile away, as red as Mars;

The night is sweet with faint perfume.

At bedtime in the quiet house,

Up through the wide, old rooms I go

Without a lamp; and not a mouse

Is stirring. Loudly, to and fro,

The old clock ticks; and castor oil

The ancient windows open high;

How the stars like little white lights

With their songs wailing up the sky.

With their songs wailing up the sky.

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AUNT TABITHA.

But we must have new dresses for

New Year's Day!" said Audrey Vel-

veton; as she sat on the hearth in

front of the fire, her shapely arms

folded behind her head, her eyes fixed

meditatively on the gleam of the shin-

ing coals.

"Of course we must," said Muriel,

glancing sleepily up from the pages of

the book she was reading.

Mrs. Velveton, a tall handsome ma-

trou, who was arranging Japanese fans

on the wall, looked perturbed as the

words reached her ears.

"Girls," said she, "don't talk non-

sense.

"Where are we to get the money for

new dresses, I'd like to know?"

"Besides, there are the lemon-colored

silk that you only wore twice."

"Lemon is hideous anywhere except

at a ball," said Muriel critically.

"Then there are your white gros

grains," said Mrs. Velveton.

"I don't dare to think that the dress-

maker's bill will be for those two dresses."

"Mamma, if you want me to go into

a convent, say so," mildly yawned

Audrey, a tall blonde beauty, with

fluffy yellow hair, liquid blue eyes, and

a complexion artfully heightened by

cosmetics.

"But don't humiliate us by expecting

us to wear turned over dresses on New

Year's Day, when all the world comes

out in its best and brightest garb."

"I'm sure I don't know what to do,"

said Mrs. Velveton, bustling into tears.

"Why, order two pale blue damasses,"

said Muriel severely; "and let Madame

Elisette make them, and supply the

trimmings.

"Then you will be sure to have

everything *commodé et fait*."

"But two hundred and fifty dollars

would not cover the bill!" cried Mrs.

Velveton.

"People who move in society must

keep up with the times," said Audrey.

"Do you think I have a gold mine at

my command?" shrieked Mrs. Velveton,

driven nearly to desperation by the

placid insistence of her two doll-like

daughters.

"Write to aunt Tabby," suggested

Muriel, complacently viewing the tip of

her satin-slippered foot as it buried it-

self in the fleecy pile of the white An-

gora rug.

"I've written until I am ashamed,"

glaces, or the white gros grains," said

she.

"As for anything new, it's entirely

out of the question."

"Then," said Audrey, "we'll close

the house and direct Sniffen to say

that we are not at home."

"I don't appear at all if I can't ap-

pear like a lady!"

Mrs. Velveton looked dismayed.

New Year's Day was notoriously a

"Great Exhibition" day so far as the

gentlemen were concerned.

There was always a possibility that

Muriel and Audrey might make an im-

pression upon some "gilded youth" on

New Year's Day, which might happily

terminate in matrimony.

Secluding themselves would be social

suicide, and Mrs. Velveton was just

opening her mouth to remonstrate,

when Sniffen, the tall servant-man

whom they kept because he was "so

much more genteel than a maid,"

brought in a letter.

"It's from aunt Tabby," cried Mrs.

Velveton, and she made haste to open

it.

Out fell a check for five hundred dol-

lars, made payable to the order of Ven-

etia Velveton, and signed "Tabitha

Clark."

Audrey picked it up with a shriek of

delight and surprise.

"The old darling!" she cried, "It's a

present for us, of course—a New Year's

present!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mrs. Vel-

veton, with a gradually elongating vi-

sage.

"Listen to what she says, girls."

My DEAR NIECE VELVETON,

"This is to inform you that I have

received tidings that my grand-niece

and your cousin, Mabel Wilton, has

been left an orphan at No.—Morton

Street, Williamsburg, and that she is in

great want. I enclose a check for five

hundred dollars in order that you may

find her out and purchase for her a

respectable outfit and a sewing-machine.

The residue of the money, after the

above investments have been made, is to

pay her expenses at your boarding-

house for such a time as it may suffice.

Pray let me know when the money is

all spent. My plan, I flatter my-

self that I can be serviceable to both

you and her. So no more at present

from

Your aunt,

Selection of a

lady's heiress after all.

The size of a farm suit to the

capacity of a pocketbook.

Many young farmers like the mis-

take of buying a large farm with

little money to pay for it. It is nothing

that so binds a man as heavy mort-

gages. It eats the very heart of the

farmer, and hangs like a leaden weight

upon every aspiration of wife and

children. It is better to buy a small

farm and have enough capital to

invest in more acres, than to be

invested in more acres, than to be

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of penal statutes, crime prevails to an alarming extent. Do you not recognize by the appropriateness of the analogy the fallacy of such reasoning. True we would drink in defiance of prohibitory laws, but it has been demonstrated

balance on a credit of
of sale, with in
note and good security
T. A.
Est.

Address J. R. Dringcole & Co., Louisville, Ky.

AMES TRIMMENSEN.
Trimmer & Hair-Dresser,
 on Office Row, recently occupied
 by Walker.
 I desire to have a pleasant
 shave, or have your hair trimmed
 in a fashionable style, give him
 Jacksonville, Sep. 20, 1878

NOTIONS, &c. &c.
 which will be sold at the lowest po-
 profits. Will be constantly re-
 new additions to stock until filled.
 I appeal to a liberal public to give
 a call and examine my stock.
 C. D. HARPER
 nov11-5t

Wood Wanted
At this Office.

THE CONFESSION.

Mother—"Very true, and I believe they breed your life. I now confess that Dr. Dromgold's Family Bitters is the most wonderful medicine I ever took from the hands of a physician. My little Sallie is afflicted in a pleasant and sovereign way for headache, constipation, acid stomach, nervous, etc., etc." Family Medical Advertiser.

Address J. F. Dromgold & Co., Louisville,

AMES HUTCHINSON,
writer & *Mad-dresser*,
in Office Row, recently occupied
by Walker.

ing

STAPLES

—AND—

WINEY BAY CO.

NOTIONS, &c. &c.

which will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Will be constantly receiving new additions to stock until filled.

He names the following witnesses to his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz, Marcus D. L. McAniston, Alabama; Norvell M. Bondurant, Alabama; James C. McCulloch, Anniston, Alabama; Elijah Y. Hurst, Anniston, Alabama.

THOMAS J. SCOTT, Register.

nov25-5t

Wood Wanted

At this Office.